

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sculptured Metopes discovered amongst the Ruins of the Temples of the ancient City of Selinus, in Sicily*, by William Harris and Samuel Angell, in the Year 1823. Described by Samuel Angell and Thomas Evans, Architects. London, 1826. Priestley and Weale.

We take an early opportunity of recommending to the notice of the public the above beautiful work: it is an important and interesting addition to those for which we are indebted to the enterprise of our artists, and particularly of our architects, in foreign research. Since the days of Stewart and Rivett, England has shone conspicuous for the zeal, industry, and ability of these her favoured sons; and whilst we have, more than any other country, contributed to the illustration of the sister arts of antiquity, by the publication of what our artist-travellers have gleaned from Greece and Italy, we are rapidly profiting, both individually and nationally, from the lessons they have taught us, and the examples which they have set us, in the extension of taste.

The work before us offers another striking and practical instance of the sister arts being in truth handmaids to each other. The architect sets out on his travels with his line and rule, his tape and his compass, to measure the new discoveries he hopes to make, or to correct what dimensions his predecessors have taken before him. The spade and the mattock are brought in as necessary assistants to his labours; and he soon finds that there is no getting at the real measurements of the base of the temples which he visits, without excavating around them, and interrupting the silent and still wastes, in which columns, and capitals, and friezes, and cornices, have lain for ages, until all traces have disappeared of the violence, whether of man or nature, by which they have been overthrown. To incidental wants of this kind we owe the discovery of the *Ægina* marbles, now in the possession of his Bavarian Majesty, and subsequently of the *Phigaleia* marbles, in the British Museum. And the same cause is still in operation, and is still producing the same effect; and we shall not be surprised if the succeeding twenty years, during which we may hope that Greece and Sicily will not be rendered less accessible to us than they are at present, shall produce specimens of ancient sculpture from most if not from all the Greek temples, now valued only for their architectural remains. One rich, and it may be called, inexhaustible mine is still unexplored—we mean the temples at Olympia; and we know, from Pausanias, that some of the most beautiful sculptures in Greece were to be seen on the pediments of the temple of Jupiter in or near that city.

But not to diverge too far from our present subject,—we wish to state that, in the year 1822, Messrs. Angell and Harris, English architects, visited Sicily for the purpose of

examining the Grecian temples in that island.\* Their attention was long arrested by the extensive and gigantic remains at Selinus, where they remained several months. The last-mentioned of these gentlemen ultimately fell a victim to the malaria of the surrounding country, and his loss was severely felt by all who knew his amiable qualities, his talents, and the anxious care with which he applied himself to their improvement. Their joint labours were continued by Mr. Angell, who, with the assistance of Mr. Evans, a near relation of his deceased friend, has presented to the public this interesting and valuable work.

Mr. Angell has confined the present publication to the discoveries made on this occasion of certain sculptures, which were found in digging round the foundations of two of the temples of Selinus, one on the eastern, and one on the western side of the old harbour. The architectural details are reserved for a future work.

The sculptures found at the base of the central temple on the eastern side of the old harbour, were fragments of the ten metopes which had once adorned the principal front of that building; but by far the greater part of these fragments had been so much injured by their fall, that only two of the metopes could be replaced, so as to give even an adequate notion of the groups to which they had belonged. They represent little more than the lower half of two figures, a male and female fighting, in which the latter, probably Minerva, has the advantage over her adversary: the male figure presents many peculiarities of dress and armour; and the divine character of the female is strongly marked by the long, flowing, and unmilitary style of her vestment.

The subject of the second of these metopes which our architects were able to put together or make out, was in many respects, similar to that just described, i. e. a combat between a male and a female; but it seems to have been executed with more spirit,—and the details forcibly remind the spectator of the very peculiar character of the *Æginetan* school of sculpture, sometimes so of the figures on the Sicilian and Greek vases.

It is curious to observe the very general, we might almost say the universal, adoption of this subject by the artists and poets of antiquity. No story was more common among their painters and sculptors than the battle of the Amazons, i. e. of female warriors engaged with men,—and general the females are represented as gaining the advantage.

Is this to be attributed to the strong and paramount feeling for the art which prevailed throughout Greece, prompting her artists to sacrifice natural facts to a scheme of art which afforded the most favourable opportunities for displaying the beauties of the male and female

form, and placing them in contrast with each other? Or were the Greeks, in the early periods of their story, so fond of theories of cosmogony and metaphysics, as to have dictated to their artists this mode of embodying their notions on the generative and producing powers? on the faculties of repulsion and attraction? on the importance of discord in the production of harmony? on the non-existence of good without evil? on the sufficiency of the *τὸ καλὸν* and the *τὸ αἰσθητὸν* for forming the perfect human being? or on the various other associations of contrast or connexion, which seemed to have occurred to this ingenious and highly gifted people even with the first dawns of their civilisation?

The remains of sculpture found by excavating at the base of the eastern front of the central temple on the western hill, were in a better state of preservation than those on the eastern side of the harbour, and they appear to be of earlier date; i. e. prior to what may be called the *Æginetan* era of the art. One of these metopes must have presented one of the boldest designs in sculpture which has ever been attempted: namely, a car drawn by four horses seen in front, with the charioteer supported by two other human figures, each standing behind one of the two outermost horses, or paoeri: whether these are the car and horses of the Sun, or of the founder of the Olympic games, or whatever else the artist intended to represent, cannot yet be decided; but the reader will find in the work before us a very ingenious conjecture in favour of its being the car of *Enomachus*, a well-known subject, and described by Pausanias as having been sculptured in front of the temple of Jupiter at Olympia: the fragment is in the highest degree interesting; and the manner in which it is rendered in the engraving does equal honour to the draughtsman and the engraver. On another metope were represented Perseus in the act of cutting off the head of Medusa, and Pegasus bursting into life from her blood: this is the best preserved, the subject the least doubtful, and altogether one of the most useful monuments of antiquity for the purpose of illustrating the progress of the art. In this plate the antiquary will observe the helmet, belt, and talaria of Perseus; the monstrous head, eyes, and mouth of Medusa; the spirited form of the Pegasus, whose wing is slightly indicated; and the figure representing the statue of Minerva, with the ægis and peplos, assisting at the feat of Perseus—this latter accompaniment reminds us of a similar introduction of the representation of a statue of Victory in that part of the frieze from the cella of the Parthenon, in which Minerva is exhibited unveiling herself to Jupiter, as if in the moment of her triumph over Neptune.

The only other metope of which Mr. Angell has been able to preserve any considerable relics, bears the figure of a young Hercules, carrying pendent from his shoulders the reversed bodies of two giants called the *Cecropes*. The annexed extract from the work will give the

\* Some accounts their successful pursuits, and of their toils and sufferings, appeared in the *Literary Gazette* soon afterwards.

under sufficient knowledge of a portion of ancient mythology little known, and, at the same time, a specimen of the author's easy and unostentatious style.

"The story related by various authors concerning this singular subject appears to be as follows:—Papulus and Achemon, two brothers, by some called Cecropes, from their fraudulent and insolent acts, were notorious robbers; they reviled their mother, who reproved them for their unjust conduct, and cautioned them against falling into the hands of the man whose loins were covered with black hair. It happened that Hercules, arriving in that part of the country where the brothers then were, and falling asleep, the Cecropes endeavoured to rob him; Hercules awoke, and seizing them, bound them hand and foot, fastening them to his bow, and, with the heads downwards, carried them in that manner on his shoulders. This punishment gave the brothers an opportunity of discovering that their mother's prediction was verified, and they began laughing; Hercules demanded the reason of their mirth, when they told him of their mother's prophecy; on hearing which, the hero joined in their laughter, and then liberated them.

"The sculpture of the metope answers extremely well to the story as here given. Hercules is represented as a strong, muscular, naked figure; his quiver is suspended by a belt, which passes over the right shoulder; and his victims, bound hand and foot, are fastened by thongs at the knees and ankles to his bow, which he carries across his shoulders, placing his left hand on the knees of one of the figures. The two prisoners present a very ludicrous appearance; and in consequence of their reversed position the hair falls down in a curious manner: their countenances have much of the Egyptian expression or character in them. Many parts of this metope also were painted; the girdle and quiver of Hercules were red, and there are some remains of the same colour upon the right arm, immediately below the shoulder; the thongs which bound the Cecropes were also painted red. The meander ornament on the fascia or capital is more distinctly seen on this than on the other metopes. The metope is unfortunately much broken; the parts which were found consisting of thirty-three fragments."

The sculptures are executed in a rude archaic style, on a hard limestone, and broken into a great number of small pieces.

The six temples of Selinus, Mr. Angell supposes were built before the third year of the 92d Olympiad, in which that city was destroyed by the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, the son of Gisco; and to the oldest of them, the central temple on the western side of the old harbour, he assigns the date of the 32d Olympiad, or about fifty years prior to the assigned date of the Ægina marbles, and one hundred and fifty years before that of the temple of Theseus at Athens.

The book which has been the subject of this sketch commences with a short introductory account of the manner in which the discovery of sculpture was first made. A succinct and luminous history of Selinus, from its origin to its destruction, as far as could be gleaned from ancient authors, is annexed, and this is followed by a general description of the ruins. Much interesting information is given on this latter point; but as it is unaccompanied by any engravings of the architectural details of the several temples, we can only congratulate the artists on what they have already done, and express our hopes that they will meet with

sufficient encouragement to induce them to lose no time in giving to the public another volume got up in the same beautiful style, and which may be equally creditable to their talents, their industry, and—though last, not least to be noted in these times of conceited authorship—to their modesty.

*The Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*  
Translated from the French of M. De Lamartine, by J. W. Lake, Esq. 8vo. Paris, 1826.

M. DE LAMARTINE ranks high amongst the modern French poets: his Muse wears generally the garb of melancholy—that melancholy which loves seclusion, because the world affords it no sympathy of feeling, and which too often leads to an acerbity of disposition which closes the door on all social relations. Too much of this character was Lord Byron; his works breathe this aversion for the world and the world's joys: yet the cloud was not unbroken; gleams of sunshine, at intervals, illumined his heart; and at others, his eagle wing ceased to undulate and maintain his high position, until he mingled with the ignoble herd of the vulgar, which he despised in his heart. Of these flights and falls his works bear ample testimony; yet to few is it given to follow him, either in his earthly wanderings or his daring ascent.

M. De Lamartine fancied himself equal to the task—he thought he could end the bow of Ulysses. It hardly need be said with what success: yet the very attempt to finish the beautiful poem of *Childe Harold* merits praise.

M. De Lamartine is far from happy in the choice of his fable, and it has even worse faults; we mean, the making of his hero contemptible in his last moments. He has neither given him the meek virtues of a Christian, hoping for the immortality of the blessed, nor the pride of the infidel, strong in his own reason, and disdaining the scourgings of religion. The fable conveys no mora; and when applied to a man like Lord Byron inspires only pity and disgust for the author's bad taste,—inasmuch that in the original we considered the poem not worth the pain of reviewing,—a few scattered rays of genius not compensating for the capital vices of the production.

On this poem, however, M. Lake has essayed his talents; and it is to be regretted that, instead of taking the fable of M. De Lamartine, he did not construct one himself: he would have done it in a superior manner; not have been shackled by the *conceit* of the original. Never did an author owe more to a translator, or a translator less to an author.

The following extracts show that Mr. Lake is not unworthy to tread in the steps of Lord Byron. His flight is less bold, but it is in the same track; his verse is rich with beauties of the very first order; a few specks are here and there to be seen, but in that he only the more resembles his great prototype.

"Oh, love! when, full of thy glorious glow,  
I sung thee once, not as I sing now,  
Thy name but murmur'd, like electric fire,  
To trembling ecstasy awoke my lyre;  
Moved by thy gentle-stirring gale, my breast  
Oped as a flower by zephyr's waft;  
My fresh young heart expanded the sail  
Borne to the rock by the soft thuberous gale.  
I loved—I was beloved;—enough will be,  
When Death has laid his restless on me,  
These words to grave above my silent bier,  
And o'er it shed one solitary tear—  
Arise, my spirit, from this pen-dream,  
Lift up thy voice, be liberty theme!  
Fair liberty, that burst upon light  
When the young world awoke to life and light;

First gift of Heaven, when the Eternal's plan,  
In his own image, form'd the infant man,  
And stamp'd with traits divine the human mind,  
By this best boon—the brightness of mankind,  
Which o'er creation gives him boundless day,  
And makes all living things his will obey.  
Propitious gift! more precious than the dew,  
Brighter than flame in thy all-glorious ray,  
Lovelier than all that fancy can devise,  
Than love itself in his first fairy guise:  
The life of life, the air whose genial power  
Sins the soul, and sweetens labour's hour.  
Earth is avenged, and man resumes his right.

That time is come! he tries from Argos' shore  
Those shouts that rise above the wild waves' roar!  
That, from the Dactyles to Thermopylae  
Echoing, sound the music of the free;  
Rejoice thou, Pindus! then, rejoice!  
Ye rocks and valleys, echo far the voice,  
A whole united people raise the cry,  
Even as one man, for death or liberty!  
It murmurs, rolls, and thunders in its wrath,  
As from an earthquake starts the astonished earth;  
The hallow'd soil opens its glorious graves  
Where heroes rest—Greece was not made for slaves—  
And from the ashes of the Spartan king,  
And Athens' chief new Grecian warriors spring.

That time is come! hark, through the awful night,  
That hissing noise—behold that blazing light!  
Arm'd with devouring flame the fire-breath creep,  
Like serpents, o'er the bosphorus dark deep:  
Adventurous, fearless, to the foe they cling,  
And dart the venom of their burning sting;  
Wild with affright the startled Moslems rise,  
Tear their dark beards, and roll their hopeless eyes:  
Their funeral pyre is lit, their cries are vain,  
For vengeance here assumes her fiery reign;  
And death is welcomed by the Grecian band,  
If shared by tyrants of their native land.

The portal opens: with stately step and mien,  
Bearing a lamp, a man now enters in;  
Sudden he stops in silence: can it be—  
Is it the Pilgrim Harold? Yes, 'tis he!  
But, ah! how changed that noble brow appears,  
Still young in days, but deeply worn by cares;  
The rays of genius round his face yet beam,  
But like the lightnings in the storm they seem:  
His wavering soul within his breast appears  
Still more to tremble than the light he bears;  
In that wild smile, so bitter yet so sweet,  
Love and disdain together mingling meet:  
Remorse's pangs may not be painted there,  
But that unearthly paleness speaks of fear,  
As if some vengeful spirit's cross'd his way  
At every step, and chill'd him with dismay.  
Mute, motionless, he bends his pensive eyes  
O'er her who in soft-vision'd slumber lies:  
Still in the bloom of youth and beauty's bloom,  
An angel all, save innocence alone;  
Her lovely eyes their silken lashes shade,  
But 'twixt her arch'd brows, by Venus made,  
A wrinkled trait of sorrow you may trace,  
Which gentle sleep itself can not efface;  
Her lip, where love's luxurious smile distils  
Sweets for the eye, yet still the feeling chills;  
For 'tis not love's smile purity there speaks,  
But soft voluptuousness that spreads her wiles:  
The pliant arch that forms the graceful bow  
Of her fair bonied mouth seems curv'd by woe:  
Her cheek is like the lily bent at noon,  
Carv'd by love or zephyr's breath too soon!"

"'Talia! fair Italia! fare thee well!  
Where all the sweets of life, save freedom, dwell;  
Once more receive my fond departing view,  
Ere yet I, sighing, send my last adieu!  
Land of the past, thy hills of former fame  
But fill the breast with sorrow at thy shame;  
Where all thy sculptured beauties meet the eye,  
Where piles and arches proud in ruin lie;  
When gazing on these wrecks, how bleeds the heart  
To think what thou hast been—and what thou art!  
When digging from the dust some honour'd urn,  
Graven with a glorious name, in vain we turn  
From the dead Romans, deathless in their deeds,  
To the living slaves that Italy now breeds:  
There falling, fetter'd, crouching in the dust  
Of slavery's death, even in their feelings crush'd,  
That last debasement, there in chains they lie,  
Supine to ancient fame—fall'n, fall'n Italy!  
Though all around awake, erect, sublime,  
The world advances by the torch of time,  
Ingorious sleep and sloth hang like a pall  
On thee that once wert foremost of them all!  
Led by the magic of thy name of yore,  
The half-taught Scythian leaves his frozen shore,  
The Briton quits his rude and rocky strand,  
Impatient to behold the fairy land;  
But as her ruin'd cities they survey,  
Sepulchral emblems of her antique sway,  
Casting a glance of pity on the spot,  
In her own rubbish lost, they know her not.  
And as, with curious searching eyes, they span  
Those proud mementoes of the power of man,  
Colossal pillars, palaces, and domes,  
Triumphal arches, matchless sculptured tombs,

With mockery's smile, and satire's feign'd surprise,  
 They ask for why these mighty viles arise?  
 Whether they wait another Cæsar's face;  
 Or if a people's shadow fills such space?  
 And thou, unmoved, canst suffer taunts so vile!  
 More, on their barbarous insolence canst smile,  
 And sell the rays of thy indulgent skies  
 To strangers who behold thee and despise!  
 Callous to shame, and haughty 'neath the rod,  
 Thyself thou shew'st the soil where heroes trod;  
 Those ancient walls, still echoing with their names,  
 And (relics which old Roman talent claims)  
 Those marbles broken by barbarian foe,  
 Those busts with which his pride compares thee now,  
 Those fields where nature lavishes her store,  
 That sky that lights, but knows thee now no more!  
 Blush, if thou canst!—but no! a softer fame,  
 With strains effeminate, salutes thy name:  
 Then triumph still!—in sooth thy music's sweet,  
 Thou singest well at the proud Cæsar's feet!  
 The sceptre once that graced the Roman grasp  
 Of steel, thy nerveless hands no longer clasp;  
 Since, 'push'd from off thy wide, ambitious base,'  
 The lyre and pencil have usurp'd its place:  
 Thou know'st to give luscious pleasure zest,  
 To lull each manly feeling in the breast,  
 With sweetest song thy siren's voice to arm,  
 With living pencil to make colours charm,  
 With the smooth chisel on the Parian stone  
 Heroes to carve, who seem on thee to frown;  
 Thy lips, smooth'd down to languishing desires,  
 Have lost the noble roughness of thy sires;  
 As flattery's sweet, and false as slavery's song,  
 The cackling rone's spoli't thy nervous tongue:  
 And like a snake, whose supple joints obey  
 Each dirty winding in its creeping way,  
 Borne down too long by slavery's bending yoke,  
 Thou crawl'st from the earth thy only voice is broke,  
 And, prostituted to each purpose base,  
 Lest, enuch-like, to sing thine own disgrace.

Fall a monument, where only echo dwells!  
 Dust of the past, which sterile wind impels!  
 Land where the sons their sires' quick blood belie,  
 Where giants spoke, but now where pilgrims sigh;  
 Where the vile steel in darkness strikes the blow;  
 Where gloom and mean suspicion cloud each brow;  
 Where love's a snare, and chastity a chain;  
 Where the look looks with cunning and deceit;  
 Whose silken words are but an empty sound,  
 A broken cloud, that echoes still around,—  
 Farewell! when vaulting up thy heroes past,  
 Weep, weep thy fall, if tears of shame thou hast!  
 On shores where glory wakes them from their graves,  
 I seek for men, and not their shadows—slaves!

"But hush! that sudden gloom, that from their sight,  
 Envious shrouds the pilot-star of night;  
 Is it the unwelcome herald of a gale,  
 A passing cloud, or shadow of a sail?  
 Darkly it strides the deep, and now draws nigh:  
 It is a ship: 'To arms! to arms!' they cry.  
 As from a tempest in its raging might,  
 The stubborn waves yield to their bulky freight:  
 Her treble decks, which bear on every side  
 Man's mimic thunder or the subject's tide:  
 Her tapering masts, which tremulously ascend,  
 Her bending yards, from which the sails distend;  
 Her giddy shrouds and cordage thickly wove,  
 All from the seamen screen the sky above:  
 And as obscurely o'er the waves they pour,  
 She seems a vulgar, scurrilous, and scolding crew:  
 That flag: the bloody crescent's sign it bears:  
 Those sounds of woe that mournful meet the ears?  
 It is the children from their mothers tore,  
 The virgins weeping their paternal shore:  
 Fraught with remembrance of that fatal day  
 When Scio sunk beneath the Turkish way,  
 And still more fearful of their future fate,  
 From Moslem lust or sanguinary hate.  
 Can Harold's heart be mute to beauty's tear?  
 Can Harold's sword lie still when danger's near?  
 Never!—Forth from his scabbard leaps the sword,  
 Forth from his lips the desperate cry—'to board!  
 Althwart the Moslem's stern the helmsman steers;  
 They force the poop—they mount the deck with cheers!  
 Not more dismay'd, when trembling on death's verge,  
 The sick man hears a passing funeral dirge:  
 Not more dismay'd the despot hears his knell,  
 When from their caverns freedom's waters swell,  
 Than shrinks each tyrant, trembling infidel!  
 In vain, with fury flashing from their eyes,  
 In vain, with shouts of 'Allah!' to the skies,  
 They turn upon their dauntless foes, who dare  
 To hunt the tiger even in his lair:  
 Like tigers from the hunters' darts, they fly  
 From Harold's conquering sword and eagle eye:  
 Like wheat before the reaper's ready hand,  
 They strew the deck beneath the Christian brand;  
 Like broken waves receding from the shore,  
 Backward they reel upon the slippery gore,  
 Till of their slaughter'd crew the bleeding wreck,  
 Reluctant still, are driven below the deck."

"Again the morning's blushing beam appears,  
 Like a young beauty smiling through her tears;  
 From the bright bosom of the bounding tide  
 A land peeps forth, whose name, with pensive pride,  
 From rock to rock as ocean's billows stray,  
 They seem to murmur on their mournful way;

And round whose shores still memory's visions cast  
 A lingering perfume of the ages past:  
 'Tis Greece! but not the Greece of ancient lore,  
 The crescent-chain hath eaten to her core;  
 And there she lies, shorn of her former might,  
 Beneath the mildew slavery's baneful blight!  
 Yet like some fallen fabric, where the gods  
 In all their glory had their bright abodes,  
 Profaned by tempests and despoil'd by time,  
 Still in its ruins awfully sublime,  
 The classic soil awakes a pleasing pain,  
 As thought returning calls the past again,  
 As hope, advancing on her buoyant wing,  
 Sees her from ruin rise, from slavery's rubbish spring.  
 'Tis Greece! alas! what mingled feelings claim  
 The d'ertraught heart at that time-hallowed name:—  
 As all the beauty of her sunny clime,  
 As all the memory of her sons sublime,  
 Burst on the sight and soul, we musing scan  
 The greatness and the nobility of man;  
 The slippery summit, and the fatal space  
 Between a nation's glory and disgrace!

By tyrants footsteps are her shores profaned,  
 Her temples ruin'd, and her people chain'd;  
 Christ's altar, broke by unbelievers' zeal,  
 Sees Christians to the Prophet's turban kneel.  
 But through this mourning, the enchanted eye,  
 That weeps her fallen faded majesty,  
 Her antique beauty owns, and fertile plains,  
 Where nature triumphs, though oppression reigns.  
 'Tis still the land where gods their dwellings chose,  
 Where sleep the mighty in the grave's repose,  
 Where heroes, ages, deathless glory won,  
 'Tis still the land where Socrates the sun;  
 Her mountains yet majestically rise,  
 Their azure summits mingling with the skies;  
 Her verdant heights, by olive trees half crown'd,  
 Slope to the waters, whence the plaintive sound  
 Of the wild reeds, soft moaning to the gale,  
 Seem still to tell of Syra's hapless tale.  
 There, midst her sacred ruins, rudely strown,  
 Her glorious names has history thickly sown,  
 There's not a rock that rises round her shore  
 Unhallow'd by some deathless deed of yore:  
 Hill, vale, and wood, and spring, and stream, and wave,  
 All wake remembrance of her great and brave.  
 That top is Pindus! there Alpheus flows!  
 Each spot, each stone, some proud memento shows;  
 Each murmuring brook tells where her heroes trod,  
 Each site recalls the worship of some god:  
 The shade of ages past is hovering round,  
 Where'er our footsteps tread 'tis classic ground.  
 Midst savage scenes, that strike the eye with dread,  
 There the stern Styx flows o'er its marshy bed:  
 These shores, inscribed with twenty ages bright,  
 Where Homer's Muse essay'd her daring flight,  
 Resounding still, through all the waste of time,  
 With strains that live in every house and clime,  
 Seem at each step new pages to unroll  
 Of that immortal poem of the soul.  
 The eye, while ranging round each scene, would fain  
 Through memory's vision people them again;  
 Now weeps the soil which slavery's footsteps press,  
 Now smiles upon its smiling loveliness.  
 So, when a dream's illusive spells impart  
 Those features shined for ever in his heart,  
 A son beholds, in vision'd light portray'd,  
 His honour'd mothers sacred, sainted shade:  
 With bitter tenderness his breast is moved,  
 His weeping eyes devour the phantom loved:  
 He gazes on that bosom whose mild beam  
 Fed his young lips—on that untiring arm  
 Which fondly bore him with maternal pride—  
 On eyes whose beams first served his own to guide—  
 On lips from which his own were taught to move,  
 With living sounds of infancy and love:  
 He gazes, with a fixed and fond delight,  
 Upon that snowy front and form of light;  
 He stretches forth his arm—like winter's snow  
 The shadow melts, and he awakes to woe."

Need we quote more to shew that this is a fine poem?

*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.* 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826. Colburn.

THIS story-teller, an invalid, instead of going to the West Indies, like our rheumatic and amusing friend Mr. Coleridge, takes a voyage in a Greenland whaler to the Arctic Ocean, as a cure for tendency to consumption. This novel remedy is successful, and he returns convalescent; having seen much flinching, without experiencing that sensation, and prevented his family's tears by revelling in the midst of blubber. He has also told and heard sundry tales in the course of his trip; for, by singular good luck to a person of literary propensities, the captain, the surgeon, the first mate, and even the second mate, are addicted to the pleasant method of passing arctic evenings, by sitting round the cabin stove and spinning a yarn in turn.

The details of the voyage leave no doubt on our minds that they are written by a person who has *bona fide* performed it. They are indeed rather too particular in many places, so that, though good in themselves, they form a rather heavy and incongruous framework for the seamen's relations. Of these relations, infinitely the best is the Nikkur Holl, a romance of the Shetland Isles, in which a picture of the islanders and their occupations is very happily mixed up with their wild superstitions, and wound into a narrative, where the natural and supernatural are so well blended, that we are at a loss to say which interests us most. As an example of the work, we shall endeavour to cartail this tale.

In one of the outer Skerries dwelt two fishermen, whom early circumstances had made the Pylades and Orestes of this remote region, though "their persons and tempers were as unlike as a seal and a silcock." Petie Winwig was a thickset, Dutch-built, heavy-headed calf, with a broad, swollen, grinning countenance. His cheeks rose like two lumps of blubber on each side of his nose, almost concealing that, as well as his little eyes, when he laughed. A perpetual smile of good humour and acquiescence sat upon his face, and his well-fattened limbs and body shewed that care and discontent never prevented his stomach's doing its duty in an able manner. On the other hand, his associate and partner was a perfect wasp, both in appearance and activity. He was a lean and hungry-looking rogue, a complete 'spare Cassius' in his way. His figure was tall and bony, with a length of arm fit for a king, and an eye as quick as a 'donkey's.' His looks were prying and inquisitive, and the shrewdness of his features was greatly heightened by a long and hooked nose, which obtained for him amongst his countrymen who had been (as most of them have) in the Greenland seas, the designation of the Mallemak. This title he indeed well sustained, for he was as rapacious, and as constantly on the wing, as that unwearied bird: but he might as justly have been called a Solan, or a pelican; for if he could not poise himself in the air, and plunge down, like one of them, on a shoal of fishes, he knew no bounds to his desire to obtain them; nor would the possession of all the inhabitants of the deep have satisfied his covetousness. His real name was Daniel, but he was most commonly called Spiel Trosk, the hardest driver of a bargain who ever brought goods to Lerwick."

By the most incessant activity of Spiel, and the patient industry of his copartner, they obtain comparative wealth and consideration. At length Trosk's soul became infested with a superstitious idea that he would acquire great riches by some extraordinary means, and not by persevering labour.

"His mind grew uneasy and anxious, and instead of wearing the air of an active man of business, with a keen and decisive glance of the eye, he shewed the restless and haggard countenance of a person bereft of his property. He began to prow and roam about now, more in hopes of meeting with the gifts of chance than in pursuit of any determined object, and his looks grew rapacious from avarice, and angry from disappointment; still he did not neglect any of his former occupations, though he performed them with less alacrity of spirit and gratification than before; but he was wont to fall into reveries and calculations upon the nature of the event which was to fill up the measure of his covetousness, if, indeed, such a desire can be satiated."

Another phenomenon occurred to perplex him:



ever on dropping to sleep he heard a certain word, which he never could remember or repeat; and at this period his visionary hopes were further excited by finding a piece of pure gold, of the size of a bullet, on the shore, early in one of his morning prowls. Convinced that the treasures he looked for lay in the sea, whence this specimen had rolled, he fished without intermission with a grapnel, about the coast adjoining; and while thus occupied upon a time, "he was interrupted by a heavy squall of rain, hail, and snow, which drove with blinding fury over the ocean, full in his face; and though he cared little for weather, he thought it as well to seek shelter in a kind of cavern in the rocks, not far from where he was standing, foreseeing that the tempest would not last long. Hither, then, he retreated, not by entering at its mouth, for the sea constantly poured in at that opening, but by descending down a wide gap in its roof, which led by craggy steps to the cavity within. A dark and dreary retreat was this cavern, and of unusual formation, for it was not a blind cave, penetrating directly into the cliff, but a vast gallery or tunnel, which opened on one side of a steep headland, and pierced through to the other, allowing the waves to rush and tumble along its gloomy gulf, till they foamed out at the end opposite to that at which they entered. From the position of the external rocks, a constant succession of waves were directed through it, and a perpetual roar reverberated in its hollow bowels. Few but adventurous and thoughtless lads had ever ventured within its interior, and their curiosity led them not far; while the more mature, who had no motive for encountering its difficulties, were contented with warning their children not to fall down the rift that led to it, which gaped amidst a cluster of heather at the back of the promontory, and with handing down its name of the Nikkur Holl, as they had received it from their fathers. Troak left the low bench, and hurried round the hill, to the opening that conducted to the chasm; for the storm came pelting down more angrily than he had expected, and so thickly fell the sleet, that he could scarcely see to pick his way through the peat bogs that lay at the foot of the acclivity, deluged as they were with the little rills that descended into them. He had not sought 'the yawn,' as the mouth of the rift was called, since he had been a youth, but he found it with little difficulty. On entering, however, he perceived that its gulf was much less practicable to him now than he had been used to consider it, when younger and more venturesome; and though he was the most expert climber within the Skerries, he felt no inclination to penetrate farther within its abyss, than was requisite to screen him from the driving of the tempest. At about ten or twelve feet below the edge, there was a shelf formed by the projection of a ledge of rock, and to this he let himself down, and having seated himself at length under the lee of a block of stone, he drew out his piece of gold from his pocket, and renewed his contemplations. His chief endeavour was to recollect if he had ever heard of a vessel having been cast away near the Skerries; for to some such occurrence he attributed the presence of the golden bullet, and he wished, besides, to flatter a hope he had conceived, that this prize was only the harbinger of a greater treasure; but, with all his retrospection, he could recall no tradition of a shipwreck near his native isle; and he remained lost in amazement and doubt. Meanwhile, the face of the heavens became less obscure with clouds, the wind no longer howled over the

mouth of the gulf, and the deep echoing below of the troubled surge within the Nikkur Holl was the only sound distinguishable. The fisherman, however, did not awaken from the reverie into which he had fallen, but remained sitting, almost unconsciously, on the ledge within 'the yawn.' He was calling over in his mind the names of several old persons, from whom he meant to inquire what vessels had been lost on the coast within their memory, and was scarcely aware that he was not seated by his own hearth, when a voice whispered slowly in his ear, 'Car-mil-han.' 'Good God!' cried Spiel, starting up and looking fearfully down the abyss, from whence the sound seemed to come; 'this is the word that haunts me in my sleep! what can it mean?' What is Carmilhan? he would have said, but he felt unwilling to pronounce the strange term, though he now recognized it as that which he had so long endeavoured to utter. He continued a few moments gazing into the dark void beneath, and listening to the roaring waves, which seemed to wrestle unceasingly within the craggy entrails of the hill, till a degree of alarm overcame him, and he turned to ascend the sides of the rift; but, just as his last foot was withdrawn over the upper edge, a slight breath of wind passed out, and muttered 'Carmilhan.' 'Carmilhan!' repeated Troak with violence; 'gracious Heaven, why is this unknown word thus spoken to me?' He then rushed down the hill, and stopped not till he had hastened a great way towards his cottage.

On another occasion, night, Spiel, while pursuing his sub-marine inquiry, saw a figure on the ridge of the Nikkur Holl, and after gazing on the spirit, "began to haul with care upon his line. He pulled with force, but the hook still hung firmly to the bottom, and though the swell of the waves jerked hard upon the rope, it kept its grasp. Spiel pulled still stronger, and brought his skiff close over the spot by his tugging; but the grapnel kept its hold. He strained hard, just as the clouds were about to shut out the light of the moon; the impediment gave way, and he believed the line had broken, for he felt no weight; but, in an instant, something large and dark rose up above the surface of the water, over which he bent, as if disposed to spring into the boat. He fixed his eyes upon it, with his hands extended to grasp it, whatever it might be; and as the water, which had now assumed a sparkling appearance, separated to give it passage, he saw inscribed upon a round black mass of something, though what he could not define, the hateful word 'Carmilhan.' It stopped scarce half an instant above the surface, and again sunk, as quickly as it had risen; but Troak, rendered desperate by this repetition of his torment, plunged his arm swiftly after it, and caught it by its hair: this gave way, and the rest was gone. He drew back his hand, but the moon had disappeared, and he could not see what sort of slippery matter remained in it. A groan of despair, urged almost to madness, burst from the lips of the fisherman at this defeat, and he gnashed his teeth and tore his hair with vexation."

His next adventure is that of meeting with a strange figure in a magic boat, "a little withered old man, who sat quite stiff and upright on the rowers' bench, and neither moved his head nor body to the right nor to the left. His face was thin and sharp, and covered by a dry, wrinkled, tawny skin, stretched tightly over the stringy muscles which formed his cheeks and lips. His dress was of bright yellow

canvass, or something like it, and a red night-cap covered his head, with its point sticking upright in the air, while in his hand he held a kind of instrument that resembled a harpoon at one end and a blubber tork at the other."

After a while, during which this visitor to the Skerries seemed to be a lifeless corpse, "it slowly began to move. Its eyes opened, but at first they were lifeless, and void of sight, and turned in their sockets with a ghastly rolling, which, if it did not terrify the Shetlander, made him push off the strange boat from his own with a feeling of horror. Shortly after, the lips quivered, and were drawn apart into a fearful grin, which shewed gums large and toothless, and expanded into a frightful gape, from whence a deep sigh, or rather groan, issued, along with a blast of vapour, more like the smoke of gunpowder than the steam of breath. Upon seeing this, Spiel mechanically shipped his oar over the stern of his boat, and began to skulk her a little way off; but, reflecting that he was acting like a coward, he put her head about again. In the meanwhile, life seemed to have taken possession of the stranger, and he turned his eyes towards Troak, and said, in a voice of uncommon expression, 'Where am I?' This was uttered in Dutch; and the fisherman, who was partially acquainted with that language, from having associated with whale-catchers and traders from Holland, exclaimed in the same tongue, 'Who are you?' 'I am one sitting in a boat,' answered the stranger, somewhat sharply, 'to whom it would have been better for you to have given an answer than a question.' 'Why?' said Spiel drily, for he was not a man to be lectured. 'Because,' said the other, 'I could have satisfied questions you might have liked to ask.' 'You have not satisfied one which I asked just now,' cried the fisherman; 'but I have no mind to wrangle with you. You are at one of the Shetland isles—one of the outer Skerries—whence do you come? and why do you come in this strange fashion?' 'What is strange to you is not strange to me,' replied the little man. 'I came over the sea to look for the Carmilhan.' 'For the Devil!' ejaculated Spiel. 'I have no need to look for him,' said the stranger. 'In the name of God! what is the Carmilhan?' cried the fisherman fervently. 'I answer no questions put in that manner,' exclaimed the little man, wriggling about as if in pain, and growling as if he growled. 'I say what is the Carmilhan?' repeated Spiel, not heeding the anguish of the stranger. 'The Carmilhan is nothing now,' said the other; 'but once she was as brave a ship as ever bore a mast.' 'A ship!' cried Troak. 'Yes, a ship,' repeated the stranger; 'and when she was lost among these islands, she carried more gold than had floated in any vessel before her.' 'Where was she lost, and when?' exclaimed the fisherman. 'It is nearly a hundred years since she was wrecked,' replied the little man, 'and it was in the night; so that, though I was on board her at the time, I know not the precise spot, but I am come hither to discover it.' 'A hundred years ago!' cries the Shetlander—'you on board a ship a hundred years ago! Pray, how old are you?' 'Old enough to have sailed in the Carmilhan,' replied the stranger. 'But why do you marvel?—Pray how old is Chriss Mulrill?' 'A hundred and ten, I am told,' said Spiel; 'yet how come you to know her?' 'I knew her when a child,' said the other. 'What can you want with the treasure?' cried the fisherman—'what need has a man of your years of money?'—'Teach me how to find the gold; I will take



the trouble of raising it, and we will share it between us.' 'Yes, and how shall I be sure of your keeping your engagement?' said the little man, sneeringly. 'Be always with me,' answered the other. 'We will divide the money as we obtain it; and should I offer to wrong you, do you reveal the secret to my enemies. The fear lest another should learn the situation of the wreck, will be a bond sufficiently strong to insure my fidelity.' 'Well, be it so,' replied the stranger. 'But art thou a man of courage? The first step requires a strong heart, Spiel Trosk.' 'You know my name, old carl!' cried the fisherman, in amazement. 'How comes this?' 'I knew your father, though you did not,' answered the little man, in his evasive way; 'and I know more than you could demand, though you sat here to question, and I to make replies, till another century were added to my age. I ask you, are you a man of courage?' 'Try me, and learn,' replied the Shetlander. 'You must try yourself,' said the man in the red cap, 'and if you follow my directions you will learn the spot where the riches of the Carmilhan lie hidden. You must go, just before midnight, to the most remote and desolate place in yon island, and you must take a cow with you, and having killed it, you must get some one to wrap you up in her fresh hide. You must then be laid down, and left alone on the wild heath, and ere the clock strikes the first hour of morning, your desires will be satisfied.' 'That is how old Engrol's son was lost, body and soul!' exclaimed Trosk, in a tone of abhorrence. 'Thou art Satan!' continued he, again skulking his boat away—'thou art Beelzebub, old tempter, the prince of darkness—aroint thee, demon! I defy thee!' 'Thou art an utter fool,' bawled the old man to Spiel, as he fled hastily from him. 'A bubble-blinded bottle-nose! May the curse of avarice hang over thee! May the thirst of gold choke thee! May the —' but the fisherman, having taken to both his oars, was soon too far from the little man to hear his exclamations, and he gained the point of the Nikkurnoss before he checked his way, or turned to look after the detestable being he had quitted. When Trosk did look for the object of his terror, he perceived him sitting as motionless and as rigid in his skiff as when first he approached to the island, and with as little signs of animation."

The fishermen by degrees are reduced to poverty, and in one of the dark nights of September, Spiel, in desperation, resolves to resort to the forbidden and perilous charm. This scene is very powerfully described; and the horrors of the hours during which the hero of the story is lapt in the reeking hide of their last and favourite cow, render this part of the narrative extremely striking. We regret that we cannot quote it. In the end, Trosk is transported by the tempest from the demon-raped spot to a place nearer the sea-shore.

"He could now distinguish the roll of the waves on the shore, flowing as they were wont in calm weather, and he attempted to discover the time by the rise of the tide; for there was not the least sign of dawn, though the sky was brilliantly enlightened. He listened attentively, and heard not only the brawling murmur of the sea pouring among the shingles, but a burst of solemn music mingled with it,—yet so faint that he was not convinced of its reality. A pause ensued,—again a strain of harmony floated on the untroubled air,—and again it was lost, as a gust of wind swept up the dell. Again he heard it louder than before, and he fancied it approached him; and, as it

continued, he believed he could distinguish the tune of a psalm he had heard sung by the crew of a Dutch herring-buss which had been off the Skerries in the preceding summer. Nay, he fancied he could perceive voices occasionally join the notes, and sing the very words he had formerly heard; for, as I have said before, Trosk understood the language. Although, when the winds rose, he always lost the sounds of this singular concert, yet, whenever there was a lull, he was satisfied that it gradually drew nearer, and he could now trace its advance, winding slowly up the glens from below, towards that in which he was extended. At length it was so distinct that he was persuaded it must have crossed the ledge that bounded the brink of the plain, and he endeavoured to raise his head, so that he might gain a view of the source of this extraordinary melody. There was a loose fragment of stone near him, and by dint of wriggling and pushing himself along like a seal, he contrived to elevate his head upon it, and, looking forth, he beheld a long and gleamy procession approaching towards him, over the quaking bog on which he had at first been laid. Sorrow and dejection were marked on the countenances of the beings composing the troop, and their habiliments appeared heavy with moisture, and dripping like fresh sea-weeds. They drew close up to him, and were silent. First came the musicians, whose instruments he had heard so long and so anxiously, but he could not scrutinize them much, for as they advanced opposite to him, they wheeled off to the right and left, and took their stations on either side. The front space was immediately occupied by a varied group, who appeared, by their deportment, to prepose some object of great distinction, which, when they parted and filed off in the same manner as the band, presented itself to view. This was a tall, bulky, though well-built man, whose capacity of belly was properly balanced by the protuberance of that part which honour has assumed to herself. His head was not little, and his face appeared rather swollen. His shoulders were wide, and were clothed in a full coat of broad-cloth, fashioned after the manner of the fourth generation past. Its skirts reached below his knees, round which they curved. It was collarless, but sleeves vastly deep hung from the arms, the cuffs of which were adorned with cut-steel buttons of great circumference and brightness. Broad bands of rich gold lace covered every seam and edge, more glorious in the eyes of the beholder than the setting sun, and the lapels of a quilted vest hung down from the immense orb of his bowels, heavy with the precious metal that braided them. His thighs were arrayed in breeches of scarlet velvet, silk hose disguised his legs, and large square-toed shoes covered his feet, and lent their thongs to support gold buckles of great breadth, which glittered with precious stones. On his head was placed a long, flowing, flaxen, curling wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered cocked hat, buttoned up with gold bands, and a long, straight, basket-hilted sword hung, suspended in a broad, buff-embroidered belt, by his side. In his hand he held a gold-headed, clouded ground rattan, of great length and thickness; and close by his side walked a black boy, bearing a long, twisted, grotesquely-fashioned pipe, which he occasionally offered to his lord, who stopped and gave a solemn puff or two, and then proceeded. When he came immediately opposite to Spiel, he stood still and erect, and a number of others ranged themselves on his right hand

and on his left, whose dresses were fine, but not so splendid as their superior's, and they bore pipes of common form only. Behind these drew up a group of persons, many of whom were ladies, some bearing infants in their arms, others leading children by their hands, all dressed in strange and gorgeous apparel, though of fashions unknown to him who beheld them; and, lastly, came a body of men and lads, with big loose trousers, thick heavy jackets, and red worsted night-caps, whom Trosk instantly knew to be Dutch sailors. Each of these had a quid of tobacco stuck in his cheek, and a short blackened pipe in his mouth, which he sucked in melancholy silence. The fisherman lay still, and saw this grim troop assemble around him with feelings of mingled alarm and wonder; his heart did not sink, for it was kept alive by fearful curiosity, but cold sweats gathered upon his brow. Presently, the principal figure looked round, and seeing his attendants all in their stations, he took his long twisted pipe from the hands of the negro, and began to smoke in long and deep-drawn whiffs; and this seemed as a signal to the rest to follow his example, for, immediately, every mouth was in action, and whichever way Spiel cast his looks, he beheld nothing but glowing tubes and gleaming eyes turned towards him, while wreaths of smoke rose up from the multitude, and formed a dense cloud-like canopy above them. Nevertheless, though he could plainly distinguish the features and the dresses of this ghastly crew, he could also see the stars clearly glimmering through them, and now gleams of fire and electric flashes began to shoot across the heavens, and the sky grew more vividly bright than it had been. Still, though Trosk could behold all these appendages through the bodies of the phantoms, he could also perceive that his ghostly visitants were closing slowly upon him, that their ranks grew more dense, and the space between him and them more narrow, while their puffs became more violent, and the smoke rose up with redoubled velocity. The Shetlander was naturally a bold and, indeed, a desperate man, and he had come to the glen with the desire of conversing with beings of another world; but when he beheld this fearful, strange, and unintelligible multitude crowded round him, and pressing nearer and nearer, as if about to overwhelm him, his courage yielded, his frame shook, and the sweat ran copiously down his face. The appearance of the black boy occasioned him more terror than all the rest; for, never having seen a negro in those far distant isles, he believed him to be a little devil, and his white teeth and whiter eye-balls looked terrific against his sable face; but his terror redoubled, when, on turning his eyes up to look at the sky above, he perceived close behind his head that little dry withered man who had accosted him in the skiff, sitting now as rigidly upright as before, but with a pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to hold there as if in grave mockery of all the assembly. Trosk started convulsively, and a choking sensation seized upon his throat; but, summoning all his energy, he mastered it; and directing himself to the principal person before him, he exclaimed, 'In the name of him ye obey, who are ye? and what want ye all with me?' The great man gave three puffs, more solemnly than ever, upon this adjuration, and then, taking the pipe slowly from his lips, and giving it to his attendant, he replied, in a tone of chilling formality, 'I am Aldret Janz Dundrellesy Vander Swelter, whilome commander of the good ship Carmilhan, of the city of Amsterdam, homeward bound from Batavia, in

the east, which being in northern latitude, 60° 10', and 17° 5', longitude east, from the island of Ters, at 12 P. M. on the night of the 21st of October, 1699, was cast away on the inhospitable rocks of this island, and all on board perished. These are mine officers, these my passengers, and these the mariners forming my gallant crew. Why hast thou called us up from our peaceful bowers, at the bottom of the ocean, where we rest softly on beds of ooze, and smoke our pipes in quiet, listening to the songs of mermaids?—I say, why hast thou called us up? Spiel had expected to commune with spirits, good or bad, but he had not anticipated a visit from the captain of the vessel he wished to ride; and, indeed, the question he had to propose was rather an awkward one to put to Mynheer Vander Swelter, for ghosts are in general tenacious of hidden treasure, and a Dutch ghost was likely to be more tenacious than any other, and, in particular, the spirit of a commander in whose charge a treasure had been placed, since he might still think he had a right to preserve it for the true owners, or at least for their heirs lawfully begotten and duly qualified. But this was no time for deliberation, and the prospect of gaining his wishes poured like a reviving cordial over the soul of the fisherman, and washed away his terror. 'I would know,' replied he, 'where I can find the treasure with which your ship was laden.' 'At the bottom of the sea,' answered the captain with a groan, which was echoed by all his crew. 'At what place?' said Spiel. 'In the Nikkur Noss,' replied the spectre. 'How came they there?' inquired the Skerryman. 'How came you here?' answered the captain. 'I came here,' said Spiel. 'Tis false!' exclaimed the spirit, 'you came no further than the Peghts' Aultar ptane.' 'I did not think of that,' cried Trosk, whose eagerness for wealth did not allow him to think of any thing else; 'but how shall I get them?' 'A goose would dive in the Nikkur Noss for a herring, thou idiot,' answered Mynheer Vander Swelter, 'are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth a similar exertion? Wouldst thou know more?' 'Yes, how much shall I get?' said Spiel. 'More than you will ever spend,' replied the captain; and the little man grinned behind Trosk's head, and the whole company laughed loud. 'Hast thou done with me?' said the commander. 'Yes, I have,' answered Spiel Trosk. 'Thanks, and fare thee well!' 'Farewell, till we meet again,' said Mynheer Vander Swelter, facing about and marching off, preceded by his musicians, and followed by his officers, passengers, and crew, all puffing their pipes in majestic solemnity. Again the grave music was heard winding down the dell, accompanied by the words of the psalm, and the fisherman marked the notes grow fainter and fainter, till at length they were lost in the murmur of the waves.

The conclusion may be anticipated. Trosk resolves to dive for the treasure, and seeks the Nikkur Noss, followed by the faithful Petie. He descends the chasm. "Whilst stripping, he fancied he saw something gleam through the water, beneath where the link was placed, and being ready, he plunged at once and grasped a heavy body, which he brought up. It was a small, iron-bound box, but the rust had eaten into its hinges, and, applying force, the lid came off, and discovered a mass of golden coin. There was enough to have enriched the finder and his partner for their lives, and Petie loudly entreated Spiel to ascend, and tamper no longer with danger; but Trosk only looked upon what he had gained as the first fruits of his

long labours. He drew in his breath for another dive, though a rush of angry waves had rolled through the gulf, and the wind had begun to bellow. He stepped down to the water's edge, but started, for he heard the word Carmilhan uttered with a titter, as he had often heard it whispered. He looked round and saw nothing, and smiled at his own imagination. He cast his eyes on the casket of ducats, and felt re-animating. Again he disappeared beneath the surface of the water—but he never rose again. A wild laugh re-echoed through the vault as he went down, and only a few bubbles came up at the place where he had plunged in. Petie returned alone, but he returned an altered man. His mind had given way under the repeated shocks it had received, and he gradually sunk into a state of idiocy. He paid no more attention to fishing or to husbandry; every thing about him went to decay; he sold his boat, and all he possessed, to support himself, and his only pleasure or recreation consisted in wandering about the sides of the Voe, or ascending the Nikkur Noss, muttering to himself, or looking anxiously into vacancy, as if he expected to see the spirit of Mynheer Vander Swelter start up from behind every stone. From this conduct he soon acquired the name of daft Petie, and he became an object both of pity and of terror to his countrymen, who, however, quickly abandoned the coast, to which he used principally to resort, as a place infested by beings of another world."

In after years Spiel Trosk was seen and spoken to as boatswain of the Carmilhan, among the spectral crew, and Petie was by his side.

We remember something of this legend before; but it is here admirably told, and so sufficient to recommend the *Tales of a Voyager*, that we do not think it necessary to say another word about them.

*Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs.* By J. Cradock, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. Vol. II. London, 1816, for the Author. J. Nichols and Son.

THIS second volume of a worthy old gentleman has come upon us a little by surprise. Our candid, and, upon the whole, very favourable opinion of it shall be spoken forthwith; but, in the first place, we must take an opportunity of setting Mr. Cradock right with regard to an insult which he has offered to us. We have received a letter (with a proper address, &c. with any notice of which we would not trouble ourselves), using his authority for requesting us to review his book, for which "he would be most happy to pay as for an advertisement!" This might be well enough in some part of the days when Mr. Cradock was more familiar with the periodical press of this country; but for every member of it at this period, worthy of the slightest regard for circulation and influence on public opinion, as well as for our own humble sheet, we will boldly say that nothing could be so likely to excite a feeling of resentment and retaliation, as such a foolish and discreditable attempt at paltry bribery; paltry, because no highly established journal could, even in a sordid light, be sufficiently paid for losing its character by falsehood; and offensive, because every literary man at least ought to presume that a literary tribunal whose opinion he values is conducted by a gentleman. We do not, however, wish to enlarge upon these topics; we have done enough to lesson Mr. Cradock's injudicious friend, and, what is more to our purpose, to vindicate the respectable

press from such absurd notions, and defend ourselves (let us say it in good humour) from any temptations of being secretly paid for performing our public duty hereafter.

Having dismissed this touching subject, and unreservedly excused the author on the score of ignorance respecting the *Literary Gazette*, and a natural anxiety (for he is an old man) about his own work, we pass, with perfect good will and kindness, to its consideration. Before giving the key-note to our extracts, we will suggest some general remarks. The *Tour in France* here described commenced in 1763, and the obvious consequence must be, that many of the places, things, &c. described by Mr. Cradock, have since been far more amply described. Indeed, so rapidly have events changed the face of the world, that his accounts sometimes resemble such as we might have expected from the *pseudo* Roger Dodsworth, who came to life lately, (in the magazines and newspapers!) after lying a whole century and more under an avalanche. Yet this very circumstance gives an interest and charm to his merest gossip about France and its society, immediately previous to a revolution which convulsed that country to its centre, and deluged "the politest nation in the world" with torrents of, we suppose, the politest blood. Mr. Cradock, a person of education, of literary taste, and of fortune, which introduced him to the first circles, had the best of opportunities for observation; and though he plagues us with common-place extracts, and is senile to the full extent of his years, still his work abounds with amusing traits, and with notices of antiquarian and other subjects not unworthy of the studious or cultivated mind. One particular objection to his book is, that though its data were noted forty years ago, its dressing up is of the present day; so that it is very difficult to understand parts and paragraphs which set out (perhaps) with facts of 1784, and conclude with reflections of 1826! No Centaur was ever more anomalous than a brief literary sentence of this kind, beginning in one century with a position, and terminating in the next with a most inapplicable and unexpected corollary. But the excuse for all this is, that these Memoirs are sheer gossip, and to us, very pleasant in their way. We will not refer to the first volume, or our opinion of it, but make a melange from this, which will readily show what it is, and at the same time, we are sure, contribute a fair share of entertainment to this Number of the *Literary Gazette*. To commence with the end is a good preparation; when we have quoted it, no one will think that we could pursue our after-task with aught but kindly feelings. It is a gentle appeal that must reach every heart.

"There is doubtless much in this volume which might be amended; but such as it is, it has been effected with great labour and anxiety, and I shall certainly, at eighty-five, attempt to make no future effort. By the aid of trustees, some new editions of former tracts may possibly appear, but in my own name, to the public I now most respectfully desire to bid adieu."

Well, at eighty-five, it is probably time to fancy that we are not quite so efficient in mind or body as we are at twenty-five, or even at sixty-five, (if we happen to get within that score of the octogenarian era); and that the "green old age" of which boast is sometimes made, is rather a return to the immaturity of youth than to its vigour. But we take up the beadroll of these Memoirs, and shall detach from it a selection of the best beads, first, in, and about Paris; and secondly, through the southern provinces of France. Mr. Cradock

and his good lady (whose health required change of climate, as is rather minutely related), departed for the Continent soon after the peace of 1763 was signed: the trip across the channel is also described with garrulous circumstantiality. In November, proceeding from Calais to the capital, the party "arrived at Samers [sic] just as the people were coming out of church, when immediately a drum beat, and stalls were opened as at a country fair; indeed, formerly, neither feasts nor fasts could well be held without such accommodation; and this accounts for so many fairs being originally fixed for Good Friday."

Paris itself is described at tolerable length. On the Boulevards (then) we are told, "the people regale themselves in an evening, enjoy the fresh air, and the view of the adjacent country, which is to be seen in great variety from this elegant promenade; but the new wall now projected to be built round Paris, to increase the imposts, has occasioned the following play of words:—

*"Mur murant à Paris, rend Paris murmurant."*

Of the Sorbonne it is stated, "In this famed college the faculty of theology particularly resided. The schools were divided into interior and exterior: the former were held in the buildings contiguous to the church, and the latter in a building which still exists in the Place de Sorbonne. To obtain the enviable title of doctor, it was necessary to go through all the studies, and, during ten years, to have argued, disputed, and maintained innumerable public acts and exercises. The library might possibly contain sixty thousand volumes, but theology certainly predominated; and the anecdote has been abundantly circulated, that when the learned Casaubon, in a visit to Paris, went to see the Sorbonne, the librarian who shewed him the hall said, 'This is that famous hall in which disputations have been held for above four hundred years.' And pray," inquired Casaubon, "what has been decided by them?"

Again: "To the Royal Glass manufacture. The art of manufacturing mirrors was introduced into France in the year 1634. The undertaking was at first merely considered as a financial speculation, till Colbert established it, and erected the spacious premises which it at present occupies in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. The glass is chiefly cast at St. Gobin, in Picardy, and brought to Paris to be finished. Each plate at first has the appearance of a sheet of ice. It is laid upon a bed of wet sand, and made fast to it by a sort of putty, then sprinkled with water, and a very fine powder of red pumice stone; after this it is rubbed smooth by the means of a large and very thick flat piece of glass, fixed at the bottom of a great weight, which is moved by a wheel, and kept in constant motion, till the plate underneath is become perfectly smooth; then it is polished on both sides, which is done by rubbing it with a piece of woollen carpet, with a little fine powder of another sort of stone, somewhat like the pumice, but much softer. The plate of glass is then again fixed, and rubbed gently with this till it becomes quite bright and transparent. The plates that are for looking-glasses are then taken to another manufacture to be silvered, which is done thus. A very thin sheet of lead, the same size as the glass plate, is laid on a very smooth surface; a small quantity of quicksilver is poured on it, which soon spreads all over the lead, and is brushed off after it has lain about a minute. Then a much greater quantity is poured on, and the plate of glass is gently pushed over it, so close, that it drives the

quicksilver sufficiently off to leave the plate of glass a clear mirror. It remains in the same spot for four and twenty hours, in which time it becomes hard enough to be removed, and is then set against a wall in a cool stove for about a fortnight. It is now considered as finished, and may be framed.

"Formerly the plate glass of Venice was the largest; but it is now rivalled by this manufacture in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris. When the manufactory was confined to blown glass, the greatest size was far inferior to the present. Since the method of casting the plates has been invented, they are now produced ten feet in length, and six feet and a half in width, and are each valued at least at 300*l*. Mirrors have been insured by a friend of mine in England, from the Rue de Reuilly at Paris to the Tower at London, at a very moderate expense; and one gentleman built a very fine room exactly to receive such mirrors, with scarcely any frames between the windows. But a nobleman at Paris had an elegant device of concealing the separation of these large mirrors, by imitating golden palm branches of the fanning kind. There were two real golden ones of this kind, growing in immense tubs, and placed in front of the parterres in the King's Jardin des Plantes; they are called *palmiers eventails*, and were first pointed out to me by Mons. Buffon, who at that time had the superintendence. He considered them as the only specimens in Europe. Mons. Buffon was a very obliging, friendly man, and I frequently received from him much information.

"Christmas passed away in rather a melancholy style at Paris. I was aware that differences subsisted between Protestants and Dissenters as to the time and manner of celebrating it; but I had not been informed till now, that so many nice distinctions still prevailed between Catholics and Protestants. Nothing had been publicly announced in [the] *les Affiches*; but that there would be solemn mass at midnight on the eve, at all the churches; that on the day itself the shops were to be all shut up; that mass would be celebrated at three of the churches, the Notre Dame, St. Germain's Auxerrois, and at the Innocents; and that sacred music would be performed in the evening at the Grand Château of the Tuilleries. In England, say the Catholics, the civil or legal year begins on the 25th of March, the day of Annunciation, though the chronological year begins on the first of January. The Church of England opens the year on the first Sunday of Advent, the same as ours. The year begins in France on the first of January by the Ordinance of Charles the IXth in the year 1564; but before that time it began at Easter, or Christmas. At Rome, now, they have two different manners of counting the year; that which follows the Notaries begins the 25th of December, on Christmas-day; the other begins on the 25th of March, the day of the Incarnation, that is from the term on which the bulls are dated. They call the secular year that particularly when the pope grants the indulgence of a grand jubilee.

"Great part of our hotel was about this time occupied by Americans, of whom Mr. Adams and his party were the head."

"Dr. Franklin was then in a bad state of health, and had retired to the environs of the capital, but whilst he remained there he gave the Parisians an odd idea of a foreign envoy; and his puritanical appearance rather recalled the character of Jack Calvin (as described by Swift) to the memory of some of the English,

than that of his more splendid and elegant neighbour, Lord Peter.

"An experienced surgeon from Bath had been introduced to us, who constantly attended the Hospital de la Charité, in the neighbourhood; and greatly interested himself in the operations for the stone, which were frequently performed there. Mr. Adams, likewise, had often expressed much anxiety on that subject, and I at last found out, that it was on account of Dr. Franklin, who was then frequently afflicted with dangerous symptoms of that complaint. Some conferences amongst friends had taken place in consequence of these occurrences, and it was at length agreed that reference should be made to an eminent surgeon, as well as to a very excellent Quaker physician, well known in our own metropolis. The general opinion seemed to be, that the Paris surgeons were as skilful as to the operation itself as the English, but that several patients had been lost from want of proper management afterwards. I do not recollect whether Dr. Franklin underwent any operation or not; but he frequently took water excursions on a litter in a large barge, for the benefit of his health. About this time many warm friends of mine patronised and encouraged the Cincinnati Club, which was then much in vogue at Paris; but though I might regularly have received tickets, I never attended."

From republicanism we pass to royalty.

A visit to St. Germaines in April leads to the following notice:

"It will immediately be recollected, that our king James the Second died at St. Germaines, and that his body was removed from thence to the convent of English Benedictines; this is situated in the Rue St. Jacques, between the Val de Grace and the Feuillantines. Marie Louise d'Orleans, afterwards Queen of Spain, laid the first stone of their church in 1674. The body of Mary Stuart likewise, the king's daughter, was deposited there, who died in the year 1712. A fine impression of the king's face was taken in wax, immediately after his death, which is carefully preserved, and stands on a tablet near the coffin, in a small room in this convent of English Benedictines. There is a deep pit from the small-pox, which is strongly marked between the lip and the chin of the deceased."

Went "to the king's jewellers to inspect some presents that his majesty was about to send to the Grand Signior, consisting of firearms, and several other articles. One toy was very curious; it was an artichoke in gold, the stalk opened, and within all the leaves were compartments to hold different perfumes."

"Sept. 3d.—To the ancient church of St. Severin, which is situated in a street of the same name; this contains a bust inscribed to the memory of the celebrated Etienne Pasquier, who was an historian, a lawyer, and a poet. Pasquier was thrice married; and the following humorous epigram is said to have been written by him when he was at a very advanced age:

*"Tunc mihi nupsit varis ætatis uxor.  
Hæc juveni, illa viro, tertis deinde seni.  
Propter opus prima est teneris mihi juncta sub annis,  
Altera propter opes, tertia propter opem."*

"There were on each side of the entrance to this church two stone lions, and between these figures the holy dignitaries formerly rendered justice, which is proved by several judgments still remaining, that end with this inscription, 'Given between the lions.' And one of the folding-doors was in ancient times almost entirely covered with horse-shoes; for it was another custom, when persons undertook any distant journey, that they should



implore the assistance of Saint Martin, who was a patron of this church, and that they should particularly fasten a horse-shoe on the door of his chapel, in pious testimony of this invocation."

To these little pleasant details, which we have copied from the first portion of the volume, we will only add (before proceeding to the south) a hint of fire-works worthy of the attention of Mr. Gye, and which if he can realise even within five minutes of eleven o'clock next season, he need not care a fig for the puritanic reforms and restrictions of all the saintly magistrates of Surrey. (By the by, we never knew before why King Richard called his horse *White Surrey*; we propose it, as a new reading of Shakespeare, that it was on account of the ancient *virtue* and *purity* of that county, which has been handed down and preserved in its magistracy, even unto our day.)

"In the evening (says Mr. C.) we went to the Redoubt Chinois, at the Folie St. Laurent, which opened on this day. The caveau for ices, under the assembly-room, is conceived and executed with great taste. From thence to the grand fire-work at the Clos St. Lazare, by Signor Ruggieri. The night was favourable, and the exhibition of a serpent, studded with gems, as passing through the clouds, was excellent; but the appearance of a fixed star, at the conclusion, excited the greatest admiration. The whole was applauded with general acclamations."

Leaving this superb explosion, we shall now content ourselves with picking out a few illustrations of the author's agreeable gossip, from his travels southward, in our next *Gazette*.

#### Roman Tablets. T. Flint.

FROM this book, respecting which (and having no respect for it) we delivered our opinion last Saturday, the following extracts seem necessary to bear us out in the judgment of our readers. Of a meeting of the Arcadians of Rome, with a notice of which society we broke off, the author sets before us an ironical account: but we have other fish to fry, (as the Neoplatonists, as well as the folks of our Billingsgate, say). One of the boys carried away from the school of Terracina gives, according to our authority, the following details of the adventure.

"The robbers, after having taken us from the seminary, finding we could not walk with the same rapidity as themselves, took us upon their shoulders, and did not halt until they had reached the mountains. Having met with some shepherds on the road, they ordered them to bring two fat sheep. The shepherds brought them to the place appointed; the brigands killed the sheep themselves, and cooked them before a large fire. After the repast, of which we partook, they recited a short prayer, in which they returned thanks to St. Antonio for having assisted them in their projects. One of them then read a book, in which, among other histories, was that of an adventurer called Ricardo. The great enterprises of this extraordinary man excited in them transports of admiration. Shortly afterward, sentinels were placed at certain distances, and each of the brigands rolled one of us up in his cloak. In short, after they had all kissed the image of the Virgin, which they always carry about their persons, they lay down and went to sleep. The next morning at daybreak we left this place, and at the end of our march pitched our camp on a mountain intersected with ravines, and almost inaccessible. We never

remained more than four or five hours in the same place. I had already seen twelve of my companions set at liberty, without its coming to my turn. Only three of us now remained prisoners: we were tied to each other with a cord by the arms. I began to make the most melancholy reflections on seeing our guards speaking to each other in a mysterious manner. One of them, who was the second chief of the band, observing that I was uneasy: 'Fasani,' said he, 'keep up your spirits; we are thinking about putting an end to your captivity: in the mean while preach us a sermon on death.' I obeyed as well as I was able: I little thought I was pronouncing my own funeral oration and that of my companions. When I had finished, the brigand dragged us to a little distance among a group of rocks which hung over a precipice: he drew his poniard, and buried it in the bosom of my two companions. The cord which tied us together pulled me after them in their fall; I fell covered with their blood. I threw myself at the feet of the assassin, implored his pity, and with the most piercing cries begged of him in the name of St. Antonio to spare my life. All this passed with the rapidity of lightning: he suspended his poniard, and appeared to hesitate. 'Do not stab him!' cried the chief, 'it will bring us ill luck: he has invoked St. Antonio; he is the last: *Facciamo un quadro a S. Antonio.*' I was then unbound; the chief spoke to me with kindness, gave me a ring and this pass. The child shewed it to me; the following is an exact copy of it:—*Si ordina a qualunque comita di non toccare casata Fasani di Maenza. Etriade, Virtù, Fedeltà.*

ANTONIO MATTEI  
ED ALESSANDRO MASSARONI."

Speaking of these brigands, among other things, he tells of a famous one who had made his peace after a hundred bloody deeds.

"Barbone is not the only brigand who enjoys all the rights of citizen in the holy city: a number of his brethren have the same advantages. A short time ago four of them presented themselves at the door of the cardinal secretary of state's carriage, to demand an augmentation of pay, insinuating that if their demands were not attended to they would return to the mountains. The cardinal spoke to them with kindness, and promised them every thing. Beside their regular pay, these brigands gain something by serving as models to painters. Mr. Robert, a distinguished artist, has represented in one of his pictures the wife of one of the robbers, called Maria Grazia. Her attitude and costume are very picturesque. This Amazon of the highway recounts the brilliant actions of her relations quite in an heroic style. She is the daughter, sister, and wife of brigands. When she writes to her beloved husband, at present in the galleys, she addresses her letters in this way, *All' illustrissimo Signor Mare Antonio, ai Bagni di Civita Vecchia*. Thus Rome is again become what it was at its origin—an open asylum for robbers."

What the writer's taste in robbers may be, we will not stop to ascertain; but what his taste in the fine arts is, may be made out from a single paragraph. After describing Camuccini, whom he calls the best painter in Italy, he observes—

"Italy, with respect to painting, lives on its past rather than on its present glory; and it is not a heresy to say, that French painters of the third class may be compared to the first Italian painters."

Heavens! how very bad they must be! But M. de S. D. is a most superlative critic in his way. The style in which he blames or praises,

though often justly, is superbly ridiculous. In Canova's *Theseus* and the Centaur, he, the ass! literally begs *Theseus* not to kill the half-human horse! The conclusion of the following, if true, is curious:

"Canova was admitted to the familiarity of Napoleon: he was very often at Malmaison with him and the Empress Josephine. The warrior jested with the artist. 'You make conquests on marble,' said he; 'they are harder than mine.' 'And perhaps more durable,' answered Canova. And he advised him to repose upon his trophies, to enjoy his power, and not to put a destiny to the proof which had been so many times fixed by victory. The emperor laughed at the sculptor's fears, and answered, 'I engage in new battles as you make new statues.' 'The case is very different,' replied Canova: 'an artist ought never to stop in the career of the fine arts. He ought to march from conquest to conquest: mediocrity alone thinks it has obtained its object. But a thousand dangers accompany the warrior in the road of ambition. Recollect Julius Caesar, and a number of others.' 'You think then the ideo of March are to be dreaded on my account?' 'Your death is less to be apprehended than a defeat!' 'I do not fear either,' replied Napoleon: 'both of them would find me as firm as your statues.' After Napoleon had married Maria Louisa, he appeared disappointed that Canova had not complimented him on the occasion. 'Ought I to congratulate you,' said the latter, 'for having divorced fortune?'"

We conclude with one quotation more of the delinquencies of Rome.

"What is a *cavalletto*? It is a sort of horse, very much in fashion in the holy city; and which, in spite of the smallness of its size, is a competitor for fame with the celebrated Trojan horse. This last only gained possession of a town of Asia; on the other, the conquest of Heaven may be achieved. His rider has only to mount him with religious feelings, and do homage to his Maker for the trials to which his person may be exposed. The reader perhaps will imagine that the horse in question kicks, prances, and rears up. Not at all; he is as quiet as the charger on which Don Quixote imagined himself in the air, passing through the regions of fire. Let us explain this enigma. Imagine two planks, the edges of them nailed together, with their surfaces sloping, similar to a horse for placing saddles on, supported by four legs, the two before shorter than those behind: this is a *cavalletto*. The rider, who is not made of wood, but of animated flesh, is conducted by two *gendarmes*, who assist him in mounting. If he shew any aversion, they use force. As soon as the Roman is mounted, they place him in an inclined posture, his head occupying the lower end of the *cavalletto*. Then the executioner, having crossed himself, administers a certain number of stripes, with a stout thong of bull's hide, on the whole length of his naked back; this does not excuse him from paying the operator for his trouble, beside other smaller expenses. The first person I saw whipped in this way was the master of a coffee-house, as a punishment for having served an Englishman with eggs and milk for breakfast during Lent. Many of my readers will accuse me of being fabulous in my narrations; I think I hear them exclaim, 'Twenty-five lashes for having supplied a person with milk for his breakfast! that is impossible: we know very well that the pontifical government commits revolting acts of injustice, that it is most atrocious and

arbitrary in its proceedings: but what you have just stated surpasses . . . . . Go no farther: I can furnish you with the most satisfactory proof of what I have advanced. I have brought with me from Rome the edict of the pope's vicar-general, an exact copy of which is at the end of this work. One of the printed originals is in my possession. The following is an extract from it, which I have translated: 'Our predecessors have every year commanded, by means of an edict, the exact observance of fasting and abstinence during Lent. They have inflicted the severest punishment on those who have been guilty of the smallest violation of this law. The present ordinance is made public to confirm this injunction; and all offenders shall be punished, without remission, by being placed on the *cavalletto*, and receiving twenty-five blows with a stick in the street, before their own eating-houses or coffee-houses. All those who shall not post up the present ordinance in the most conspicuous part of the rooms where refreshments are supplied, shall undergo the same punishment.'

Given at the palace of our residence.

'HANNIBAL, incumbent of Santa Maria, in Trastevere, of the holy Catholic religion, Cardinal priest della Genga, vicar-general of the Holiness of our Lord.

'ANTONIO ARGENTI, substitute.'

"If we reflect that the court of Rome used to burn heretics by the hands of the Holy Inquisition, this stick discipline for a breach of the fast will be found conformable to the gradation of crimes and punishments. After having lost the grand resource of *auto-da-fés*, it is but natural that they should have some indemnification, and the *cavalletto* is comparatively a very small one. What would Camillus and Horace have said, if some soothsayer had predicted to them that their descendants would be bastinadoed on a wooden horse for drinking a little milk, or permitting it to be drunk? The functions of the *cavalletto* are not restricted to the punishment of those who do not strictly observe the fast during Lent: like the *gendarmes*, it stands sentry in every place where there is an assembly at all numerous, more particularly at the doors of the theatres. There it is in attendance for those who hiss the actors or the play; an excellent method of making a bad performance succeed. The *cavalletto* is the smallest degree of torture in Rome; it is the torture in general circulation; there is another that never changes its place. Upon a scaffold raised in the middle of the Piazza Navona is a sort of praying-desk with two holes in it, through which the patient is obliged, much against his inclination, to pass his arms, which are kept immovable by means of screws. The executioner then applies to his naked joints an indeterminate number of stripes, according to the will and pleasure of the agent of police, whose severity increases in proportion to the smallness of the fee he has received from the prisoner. This scaffold is not permanent except in time of public amusements and rejoicings; at all other times it is erected as the case may require; but on all festivals, and particularly during the Carnival, this theatre of torture is always to be found in the Piazza Navona and near the Corso, which is the rendezvous of all the masks. The executioner saunters about near the scaffold, waiting for his customers. The third and most cruel torture is the strappado. The sufferer, with his hands strapped behind his back, is raised to a certain distance; a cord is attached to his arms of sufficient length to allow him to arrive

within a foot of the ground; he is then suddenly let fall. The jerk is so great, that it dislocates his shoulders. Fortunately this mode of punishment rarely takes place: but is it not horrible that it should ever be practised? I have been assured, that at the restoration of Pius VII. an unhappy wretch was condemned to the strappado because he would not cry *Long live the Pope!* Torture, after having been banished from all civilised countries, has met with an asylum at Rome. Alas! this is not the only enemy of civilisation that finds protection there!"

Again we must entreat our readers to exercise their discretion upon this review, in which we have chosen what appeared to us unobjectionable and interesting, while at the same time we felt the source to be obnoxious to every modest and virtuous sentiment. It is not therefore a specimen of the work—but, if fair to say so, of our winnowing the grain from the chaff.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Opera Glass*, &c. 4to. T. Dolby.

We never like to make remarks upon our periodical contemporaries, because if we have reason to find fault, it is in very bad taste to do so—let the public discern the deserving from the undeserving;—and praise from one of another is too apt to be mistaken for begging a reciprocal favour. But two monthly parts of the *Opera Glass* having been sent to us, we may venture to treat it as a volume (not as a dramatic journal), and in this light we desire to recommend it to public consideration as a very able review and criticism upon the stage, its occupants, and its entertainments. The writer (Mr. Howard Payne, as we have heard) has bestowed much attention upon the subject; he is a man of discernment and talents; and his observations are generally both acute and intelligent.

*An Essay on the War-Galleys of the Ancients.* By John Howell. 8vo. pp. 61. Edinburgh, Blackwood. London, Cadell. 1826.

This is a curious and interesting inquiry, though we were almost deterred from its perusal by the grandiloquence of its opening paragraph. Having got over this stumbling-block stepping-stone, however, we discovered in it much collected information, and no want of learning or judgment in applying it to elucidate the author's views of the subject. Lithographic prints of the various vessels, &c. help the reader greatly to understand the argument; but as we must be without these, and the book is of small price, we shall do no more than say that it is extremely well deserving of classical, antiquarian, and popular regard.

*Plutarch's Lives*; translated from the original Greek, &c. By Dr. and W. Langhorne, &c. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1825-6. J. Limbird.

PRINTED in double columns, and embellished with a number of portraits in wood, this edition of Plutarch has just been completed at a rate so cheap as to bring the invaluable and most entertaining author within the means of purchasers of very moderate fortunes. By producing such a work in such a way, the publisher has served the cause of letters, and done a great kindness to those whom the expense of the voluminous editions have hitherto prevented from enjoying that feast which Plutarch, almost above all other writers, seems to offer to every description of reader. In these two volumes there is a full, a good, an amusing,

and an instructive winter's recreation. Of course we will not at this time of day descant on the characteristics of the author, nor on the merits of his translators; but being on the topic, we may notice that M. Baehr, one of the Professors at the University of Heidelberg, has lately published an edition of the *Lives* of Philopomen, Flamininus, and Pyrrhus, with notes and a short preface to each life, in which he examines Plutarch's authorities, and his reasons for preferring some to others.

*The Exile: a Poem.* By Robert Haldane Rattray, Esq. Third Edition, printed from the second Calcutta Edition. London, 1826. Kingsbury, Parbury, and Allen.

THERE is certainly talent as well as feeling displayed in these pages; but the choice of subject and manner is unfortunate—it recalls the Shipwreck far too forcibly. In a note to one of the passages, the author deprecates and denies the sin of plagiarism: from aught of particular copyisms we acquit him; but with the enthusiasm, we should suppose, of a youthful writer, he has allowed his mind to be too much imbued with one of the most peculiar of models, and one least likely to be successfully imitated. The following passage is a fair and flowing specimen of good sentiment and neat versification:—

"Before the hero's consecrated name  
Is spread, immortal, by the trump of fame,  
How many a gallant heart must cease to beat!  
How dire a carnage quench the battle's heat!  
How many a victim to another's doom  
Seek, like Matilda, solace in the tomb!  
How many thousands, like her orphans, join  
To mourn the laurels that his brows entwined!  
How many griefs, ungod, might serve to show  
The close alliance triumph bears to woe!"

This is thy work, Ambition! 'tis thy breath  
That sounds the charge to battle and to death!  
Thine is the voice that bids the peaceful world  
The banner of destruction unfurl;  
That bids the martyr to a fool's caprice  
Rush to the field, a willing sacrifice;  
Forsake his cheerful home; to slaughter haste—  
To gain a desert of subduer a waste!

But e'en when war, and all its miseries cease,  
And states, exhausted, renovate in peace;  
When smiling plenty decks the land around,  
And health and labour at her side are found;  
When rustic pleasure leads again her train,  
To share the moonlight revels of the plain;  
When commerce takes the helm, and guides her store,  
Fearless of lurking foes, from shore to shore;  
When triumph ceases to bid affliction weep,  
And every meager passion's lulld to sleep—  
Ambition, still the same, though changed her guise,  
Restless remains, and happiness denies.  
Some fever'd wretch her proffer'd cup receives,  
Imbibes an added thirst that nought relieves,  
And, yielding to the influence of the draught,  
Repeats the poison he's already quaff'd;  
Till, frenzied with the lust of future fame,  
He fires a temple, to obtain a name.

How many blest'd with competence and health,  
The last forgo, to make the former wealth;  
Forsake their country; fly to tainted shores;  
And die, at last, recounting useless stores—  
The tasteless fruit of only discontent,  
And cull'd, too late, unshared, in banishment!"

We must advise our young author to omit many of his notes in a future edition: we do not take up a volume of poems to learn the length and breadth of the Isle of Wight, or that the river Tamar rises in Devonshire.

#### ORIGINAL.

ON NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE (IX).  
HAVING, in our last *Literary Gazette*, fulfilled the promise made in that of the 30th of September, by elucidating, to the best of our ability, the general principle and outline of the PLAN first mentioned by us 29th April, for establishing a sound and settled currency, liable to no fluctuations, but susceptible of easy and perpetual regulation, as circumstances required; representing real property, and being doubly

or more than doubly secured; preserving the precious metals, and precluding the possibility of panic; being liable to neither redundancy nor scarcity; affording essential relief to the people by sharing among the many what now feeds overgrown monopoly, and lightning taxation; and, in fine, combining all the great and all the humbler interests of the community in one bond of union beneficial to the whole;—having, we repeat, performed this duty, we have but few words to employ in coming to our conclusion.

What the country has been, and is, with regard to its currency, needs no illustration: with about as much of fiction as of truth in its monetary system, sudden expenses and sudden restrictions affecting baseless issues, have made a state of instability disgraceful to an enlightened age, and produced those violent fluctuations between unreal abundance and real distress, the recurrence of which every man with a spark of good feeling in his breast must wish to prevent. Such is the object of these papers.

We have proposed what we consider to be unobjectionable in theory, and readily practicable in execution; and we are sincerely convinced, that if our Plan were adopted and acted upon (either entirely at once, or partially by way of experiment,) that it must lead to unbounded prosperity and the highest human happiness in our native land. This we assume, also, not merely upon our own views and impressions; but because in all the discussion, public and private, to which the measure has given rise, not one radical objection has been alleged against its foundations, nor one tenable argument urged against its details, nor one dark foreboding thrown forward over the bright prospects which it holds out.

Instead of a currency of every kind and colour, furnished by individual interests for the sake of individual profits, tending chiefly to realise those emoluments, and not directed to a common end, we have demonstrated the means of having a circulation belonging to the People, and having no other destination but the common good. We have shewn that the concern of government with this *Design of a National and public Credit and a National and public Bank*, could be no source of unconstitutional influence, though a matter of the most anxious care, since every government would serve itself in promoting the general diffusion of wealth, ease, tranquillity, and contentment. It would be an *Argus* to regulate the machine, so that it should not go wrong, rather than a power to prescribe or control its operations. By the simple fact of making our *Sterling Note* a legal tender for taxes and government annuities, and not convertible at the will of the holder,\* it would stamp and recognise this Currency with sufficient character, and by returns and re-issues in these two ways alone, create an annual circulation (in a circle, if we may say so, pervading the entire kingdom) of *Thirty Millions*† in every year. Thus sanctioned by the legislature, and resting on the sure bases of landed and funded security for more than double its amount: we ask, fearlessly, who would not prefer this *Sterling Paper* to Gold Coin, which seems to be principally and purposely formed to encourage the injurious traffic in foreign exchanges and bullion.

\* In one of our papers we intimated to an exception to this if held to be requisite, by allowing the Notes to be convertible where issued, and there only.

† The tax of four per cent upon this sum alone, would enable ministers to repeal one million two hundred thousand pounds of the national debt.

We will not now retrace what we have stated with regard to the machinery necessary for carrying our Plan, in all its branches and details, into effect. Its facility and capability stand uncontradicted; its prevention of crime, forgery and robbery, and its encouragement of morality and patriotism, have been dwelt upon enough to impress these desirable qualities upon the consideration of the country. When added to these advantages, any individual possessing a capital (say) of one hundred pounds might vest it securely, so as to produce to himself not only lawful interest, but for his own use, and for the use of his fellow-citizens, fifty per cent of sterling National Paper, to be circulated in notes of such convenient forms and denominations as every separate part and the whole population of the United Kingdom required; we need not insist on the vast superiority of the Plan we have had the sincere gratification of thus far developing, over the conflicting medley which we are most anxious to see it supersede.

It is now in its broad principles before the world; and for the reasons we have already assigned, and looking to its working its honest way by other channels, we take our leave of it for a while—satisfied that, even if mistaken, we have disinterestedly and faithfully done our duty.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

21st day, 19 hrs. 43 min. The sun enters Capricornus according to the fixed zodiac; his place among the stars will be in the bow of Sagittarius. This is the period of the winter solstice, the sun being vertical to the tropic of Capricorn, and the southern hemisphere enjoying the same light that the northern received on the 21st of June. It will be the middle of day to the south pole, and the middle of night to the north pole.

The commencement of the solar eclipse of Wednesday was not perceptible, owing to the unfavourable atmosphere. At 10 hrs. 15 min. 30 sec., the clouds withdrew, and the lunar disk was observed to have made considerable progress on the sun's north-west limb. The interesting phenomenon was seen without interruption till 10 hrs. 41 min., when a heavy cloud from the west concealed the combined orbs, and prevented a view of its greatest obscuration; at this period the south-west part of the heavens was free from clouds, and of a deeper blue than usual. At 11 hrs. 24 min. the eclipse again became visible, the moon having passed to the eastern limb, and exactly at 14 hrs. apparent time, the solar disk was left in its full-orbed lustre.

### Moon's Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter . . . . .	5	19	13
☾ Full Moon . . . . .	13	23	32
☾ Last Quarter . . . . .	21	18	35
☾ New Moon . . . . .	28	10	21

The moon will be in conjunction with—

	D.	H.	M.
Mars . . . . .	3	8	0
Saturn . . . . .	14	14	30
Jupiter . . . . .	22	16	22
Venus . . . . .	27	23	0
Mars . . . . .	27	1	0

1st day. The position of the solar system relative to the earth is at this time exceedingly interesting; the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Uranus, being nearly at equal distances from each other, to the east of the luminary. Mercury and Venus in Scorpio, Mars in Capricornus, and Uranus in Sagittarius; Jupiter and Saturn to the west of the sun—the

former in the breast of the Virgin, the latter among the feet of the Twins.

Mercury is visible for an evening or two succeeding the first day. 6th day. Stationary, 15 days, 18 hrs. inferior conjunction.

Venus for a few evenings will continue the most pleasing telescopic object in the heavens, appearing as a delicate crescent, and under its greatest angle of 57 min. After the 23d day, Venus will be no longer vesper, the beautiful star of eve, but the bright morning Hesperus, harbinger of day.

3d day, 18 hrs. Mars in conjunction with 9 Capricorni.

Jupiter, as the morning star, presents a constant source of delight, by his beautiful retinue of satellites, appearing in every possible position. On the first day, six hours in the morning, the second and third will be occulted by the primary; the same with the first and fourth, on the 23d day. On the 8th day, the first on the disk, the second behind the planet.

### Visible Eclipses of the First Satellite.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Immersion . . . . .	6	17	41	57
	15	14	3	47
	22	15	57	14
	29	17	50	39

20th day, 11 hrs. Saturn in conjunction with  $\mu$  Gemminorum.

24th day. In opposition. 27. The major to the minor axis of the ring is at 1000: 486.

Uranus in Sagittarius is too near the sun to admit of satisfactory observation.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

### THE PELVIS.

The extraordinary difference which exists between the skulls of different nations has long been pointed out by Camper and others. A similar difference may be remarked in the other bones. Dr. Vrolik, a Dutch physiologist, has lately published a treatise on the varieties in the conformation of the pelvis, illustrated with plates, representing the pelvis, male and female, of the inhabitants of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and of America.

### EXPLOSIVE ENGINE.

AN American of the name of Mory has invented a new agent in lieu of steam, namely, the detonation produced by the combustion of hydrogen mixed with atmospheric air; but the hydrogen which he employs is derived from the essential oil of turpentine, or alcohol, because from either it may be obtained abundantly, with a small apparatus, and without any great consumption of fuel. This motive-power appears to be applicable principally to boats or carriages.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE Society held its first meeting for the season on Wednesday the 15th November: there was a very full attendance.

Several new members were elected; among others, the Hon. Sir S. Gascoeur, Mr. Hallam, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, &c. Many names of candidates were likewise proposed.

A list of subscriptions to the Building Fund, for the proposed house of the Society, on the site of the Mews at Charing Cross, many of them displaying great liberality on the part of the members, was presented by the secretary.

An ingenious paper was read, communicated by Sir W. Ouseley. This paper consists of two parts—the former part being a discussion relating to several fabulous anecdotes respecting



Alexander the Great; commonly considered as of eastern origin, but assigned by the present writer chiefly to Julius Valerius, author of the *Res Gestæ Alexandri Magni*; who is placed by the editor of that work, Signor Angelo Mai, in the third or fourth century of the Christian era. In the second part, Sir W. Ouseley reclaims, in favour of the oriental writers, a variety of popular fictions; such as, Pope's *January and May*, Boccaccio's fourth story in the *Decameron*, Parnell's *Hermit*, the story of *Santon Barsisa*, several of the tales in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the story of *Whittington*, the induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, &c.; the praise of inventing which has been long usurped by Europeans.

It was announced to the meeting, that the first fasciculus of Hieroglyphics, published by the Society, was ready for distribution. The object of this work, to be pursued upon a plan carried into execution in two fasciculi by the Egyptian Society, now dissolved, is, to facilitate the interpretation of the hieroglyphics; in which some progress has lately been made, by the publication of the many splendid specimens extant in various collections. The work is well executed, in the lithographic manner, and on a large scale.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Royal Society has also commenced its meetings for the season. At the first, a paper, by Colonel Miller, was read, upon an invention of Percussion Shells by that scientific and distinguished officer. This invention has been more than once mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, when experiments were made at Leith and Woolwich; and so convinced are we of its great value, that we rejoice to see it taken up by the Royal Society. The destructive powers of this military engine appeared to us, on investigating it with the best of our understanding, to be of immense national importance. The shell is formed so that it must be projected in a certain way, and whenever it reaches its object, a fuse is forced into the chamber so as to explode it. Execution is thus rendered certain; whereas in past practice, not one shell in many does the slightest harm to an enemy. We know not what the heads of departments say to this novelty; perhaps, like others to which we have alluded, it may be left to do what it is more likely to do than most novelties, *force its own way*; but sure we are that the gentleman who has produced it is no less an honour to the service by his original abilities as an improver in the system of war, than by his conduct as a brave and experienced soldier.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The Society of Antiquaries has also met. We are not informed of its earlier proceedings; but on Thursday the members were summoned to repair their loss, as far as they could, by electing another member of the council and director, in the room of the late intelligent and much-esteemed Mr. Taylor Combe.

**LIVY.**—We are afraid the account of the discovery of fifteen of the lost books of Livy is unfounded. The journals of Florence, Pisa, and Rome, which we have received since it got into circulation, do not mention it.

**OXFORD, Nov. 25.**—Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. H. Green, Worcester College; Rev. A. B. Lechmore, Christ Church.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. Denny, Worcester College; E. P. Blunt, Scholar of C. C. Coll.; E. B. Ray, W. Blin. del.; R. M. Caldecott, Brasenose College; J. Day, J. Byron,

Exeter College; T. Collett, Trinity College; H. H. Bobart, Christ Church; T. Griffiths, Jesus College; W. Capel, Postmaster of Merton College; W. Curling, M. Davies, J. G. Dowling, Wadham College; W. T. Clarke, C. F. Godmond, Queen's College; T. Clarke, Pembroke College.

## PROPHECY.

In the *Muse's Looking Glass*, by Thomas Randolph, who was born in 1605, and died in 1634, will be found a curious anticipation of the London University. Even the adoption of Capt. Clias's athletic exercises is expressively hinted.

"Banaana. O! I have thought on't, I will straightway build

A free school here in London—a free school!—For th' education of young gentlemen, To study how to drink and take tobacco; To swear, to roar, to dice, to dmb, to quarrel; 'Twill be the great GYMNASIUM of the realm! The Frontistrium of Great Brittain! And for their better study, I will furnish them With a large library of *Draper's books*." *Dodley's Collection of Plays*, 1744, vol. vi. p. 261.

The idea of the Gower Street Academy is therefore not original; and, besides, there is a serious proposal for such a foundation somewhere in Defoe.

## FINE ARTS.

## NATIONAL GALLERY.

The projected National Gallery on the site of the old Mews at Charing Cross, is a building 500 feet in length, composed of two orders of architecture in height, namely, the Doric and Ionic. The front consists of four pavilions, connected by colonnades; the pavilions surmounted by enriched polygonal domes, terminating in balls and spears, bearing resemblance to that pile in the Regent's Park called Sussex Place. Over the centre division of the structure, which on the ground story is a colonnade in front of five arched entrances, rises a large circular dome, which terminates in a temple something after the manner of the Choric Monument, but triangular on the plan, having a colossal statue on every side. This dome is supported by a tier of Paestum Doric columns, rising from a square tower-like base, at each angle of which there is a lion couchant. Through the intercolumniations the centre of the building will derive its light. Above the two outward colonnades, the façade is embellished with one tier of windows, dressed with pediments, &c.; over which runs a long pannel filled with basso-reliefs, not unlike the Haymarket front of the Opera House. There will also be a very considerable display of sculpture in statues and vases, giving the edifice very much the appearance of a French public building,—of which character indeed the whole structure partakes.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &amp;c.

## No. XX.—Book Prints.

It might reasonably have been expected when Hogarth entered the lists as a designer of book-prints, that he would have borne away the prize against all competition. His acute perception of character, knowledge of the passions, and mastery in the difficult faculty of expression, led his friends and admirers to expect wonders from his pencil; but they were disappointed. They, however, had not rated his talents higher than Hogarth himself, who had promised much more than he performed.

Dr. Zachary Grey, whilst preparing his celebrated edition of Hudibras, desirous of doing justice to his author, commissioned our great dramatic painter to make a series of designs for its illustration, judiciously leaving the artist to select his own subjects. These were made

accordingly, and engraved by J. Mynde, for the edition of 1744. The compositions are entirely unworthy of Hogarth, and the engravings reflect no credit upon the art, even in the state of caligraphy at the middle of the last century.

When Lord Carteret projected his fine quarto Spanish edition of Don Quixotte, which was published about 1740, Hogarth was engaged by his lordship to prepare a set of designs. In this undertaking, so congenial, as it might seem, to his pictorial feeling, he also failed. Six of the subjects were engraved; but they were, unfortunately for his reputation, so inferior to what had been anticipated, (and Hogarth's notions of his own capacity not rendering him amenable to correction,) that his lordship was piqued, and transferred the commission to Vanderbank, an artist who fancied himself a match for Hogarth in his own sphere, though, as a painter, he was a pigmy to a giant. These compositions were engraved principally by Gerard Vandergucht. To this Spanish edition, prefixed to the life of the author is a half-length portrait, designed by Kent, the architect and landscape gardener, which is a sorry performance, and about upon a par with the designs of Vanderbank. Altogether, this series of quarto plates, which cost the noble publisher a considerable sum, is a discredit to the press. Yet this very indifferent painter, Vanderbank, contrived to acquire extensive patronage amongst a party who were determined to push him into practice. Several years before, Jacob Tonsen had been urged to employ him to paint the portraits for the Kit-Cat Club; but he had better taste, and prevailed upon the members of that distinguished coterie to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

It was customary with these popular book designers to be applied to by those who were desirous to set up signs superior to those of their neighbours. Wale executed a few; one, in particular, which was greatly admired, was a whole-length of *Sir John Falstaff*, which, suspended by magnificent iron work, and in a rich carved frame, hung in front of a celebrated tavern in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. Hayman, too, executed a few for particular friends. The *Three Angels* long hung over the open shop of Messrs. Clutterbuck and Gentry, the woollen-draper, near old Somerset House. This bold and well-designed group was much admired. Another of his, where many a jovial party of R. A.'s had recreated in summer, was the *George*, at Twickenham; but that which he used to say he painted *con amore* was the *Barley Mow*, in Piccadilly, for years famed for the frolics of Master Frank, his friend Mortimer, and that choice spirit Simon Francis, the engraver, a triumvirate of good fellowship,—of which the host used to boast that it was as good for the bar as a prize in the lottery. There were used to assemble old Charles Grignion, George Scottin, Ravenet, and Miller, engravers of Frank's designs, and all boon companions of the joyous soul.

We have observed that Jacob Tonsen was one of the first publishers who ventured upon expensive illustrations. He employed Hayman to design for a splendid edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Also, four superb quartos of Addison's dramatic works, which were adorned with his designs, well engraved. Hayman executed a series of designs for a handsome quarto work of Shakespeare's Plays, edited by a gentleman of the name of Jennings, which was never completed.

The precursor of illustrated novels, however, must be assigned to that handsome large octavo

edition of Pamela published for J. Richardson (the author), and sold by J. Osborn, in Pater-noster-row, and John Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1742. To this, and the other novels by the same author, the designs are by F. Hayman, and engraved by H. Gravelot. Many of these prints are designed with good taste. The character of Pamela, in some of the many striking situations into which she is thrown by the ingenious Richardson, is well conceived; the engravings are executed with a clean, clear, and spirited line. Gravelot not only engraved but designed some of the subjects. That of the marriage scene is by him, and is cleverly composed.

In the title-page to this edition is printed, "Published in order to cultivate the principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION of BOTH SEXES:" a very questionable assertion, considering some of the scenes depicted. This overbearing publisher was the identical Osborn whom the stern Sam Johnson knocked down with a folio. Many years since, a patriarchal painter, yet living, being at a print sale at the elder Greenwood's, met an old servant of the said John Osborn, and the subject of this *rencontre* being alluded to by the auctioneer, he substantiated the fact, saying, "it happened not in the shop of my master, but at Dr. Johnson's own apartment." The story of Oliver Goldsmith's having, after hearing of what the giant Johnson had done, gone expressly to the publisher to treat him with a second folio edition, and getting a drubbing himself, this worthy journeyman bibliopoliſt did not substantiate. Boswell, however, relates it as a veritable fact.

The finest illustrated romance that had appeared in the early part of the last century, however, was the Don Quixote, French edition, splendidly quipped, with the plates from the designs of Coppel. These must be quoted in justice to the then state of arts in France, as an exception to the general censure upon the designing of book prints. From these, not only Hogarth, Vanderbank, and Hayman, but all who have entered the same field, have gleaned more or less:—such the rich harvest of Coppel's fancy. These plates, sufficiently renowned, were engraved by a number of clever coevals, which proves what has been advanced in favour of the superiority of caligraphy in France over that of England at that period.

Tremoliere designed four or more subjects for this fine work. The engravers were, F. Joullain, Ludovico Surugue, Lepicier, F.S. Ravenet, G. R. Cochin, D. Devaux, F. Julian, R. Tardieu. Some of these ingenious artists worked subsequently for the London publishers, and contributed to improve the native artists by the good drawing, clearness, and brilliancy of their works.

YESTERDAY a private view of the nine large pictures representing the Coronation of Charles X. was well attended. We described these works last year: they are not high as productions of art; but they have many faithful likenesses, and give a good idea of the ceremony.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lord Byron. Painted by W. E. West; engraved by J. T. Wedgwood. Published at Paris, 1st September.

REFERRING to a notice, among those to Correspondents, relating to this portrait, we have here to speak of its actual appearance and merits. Not having seen the original picture, we cannot decide which is the best engraving as to likeness,

but, certainly, this large and well, though rather drily, executed portrait\* by Mr. Wedgwood differs essentially from the smaller and also well-done portrait by Engleheart in the Souvenir. The head in Wedgwood's plate is of a higher character—the expression nobler—the nose broader, and the eyes more open, and a good deal resembling those of Miss Stephens in the engraved portrait of that charming songstress. Neither of the likenesses assimilate with those to which the public eye was previously accustomed. We consider Mr. Wedgwood's performance to do much credit to his talents as an engraver.

*Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from Drawings by G. F. Robson. Edited by J. Britton. 4to. No. I.*

We have at present only space to notice that this beautiful publication has issued from the press. The variety of the Views, the taste with which they have been selected, and the skill with which they have been drawn, to which we may add, the excellence with which they are engraved, render the work† a gem for the portfolio and library.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### CHANGES.

A CHILD is playing on the green,  
With rosy cheek and radiant mien;  
But sorrow comes—the smile's departed,  
He weeps, as he were broken-hearted:  
But see, ere yet his tears are dry,  
Again his laugh trills wild and high;  
As lights and shades each other chase,  
So pain and joy fit o'er his face;  
And nought shall have the power to keep  
His eyes one moment from their sleep:  
And such was I.

A youth sits with his burning glance  
Turn'd upwards to heaven's blue expanse:  
What is it o'er his pale cheek flushing?  
What thought has set the life-blood gushing?  
It is of many a deed sublime  
That he will do in future time—  
Of many a struggle to be past,  
Repaid by deathless fame at last;  
He thinks not on the moments gone—  
He lives in fiery hope alone:  
And such was I.

Sunken those eyes, and worn that brow,  
Yet more of care than years they show:  
There's something in that cheek revealing  
The bosom-wound that knows no healing;  
He lives, and will live on, and smile,  
And thoughts he cannot lose beguile;  
He'll shun no duty, break no tie—  
But his star's fallen from the sky.  
Oh! pitying Heaven, the wretch forgive  
That bears, but wishes not to live:  
And such am I.

ZARACH.

##### SONNET:—TO THE RISING SUN.

O princely Sun! uprising in thy east,  
Pavilioned in the crimson and the gold  
Of clouds before thy flaming chariot rolled,  
Now let mine eyes upon the glory feast,  
The first steps of thy radiant march behold.  
Hark! the glad feathered choir thy matins sing,  
And my lyre answers with its vocal string.

\* About 8 inches by 7.

† The cities in this Part are Norwich, Lichfield, Rochester, Worcester, Canterbury, York, Chichester, and Bristol. The engravers, Varrall, Tomblinson, Smith, Barber, Banger, Woolnoth, and Jeavons.

Yet, ah! great, glowing, glorious as thou art,  
Endymion's moon is dearer to my heart;  
For I am of the still and starry night—  
When the deep soul collects its native might,  
And gathers a quick feeling, and a power  
Of thought, perceptive of thine own great  
dower.

O Phœbus! in the dark and silent hour.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### Traditions of the Western Highlands.

THE interest which was excited by the papers which we formerly published under this title cannot be forgotten. They were copiously transferred by other publications of the day into their pages—they were made subjects for drawings and engravings by various artists—nay, some of them were even dramatised and produced upon the stage. There was such a wildness and peculiarity in the stories which they told, and such a perfect simplicity and artlessness in the manner of the narration, as could not fail strongly to engage the attention. And their perfect accuracy and authenticity, as the records of events of which no other record remained—as lights thrown upon the ancient manners of a people respecting whose history we have hitherto remained almost in the dark—gave them a value that was much more important than even the interest and amusement which they afforded.

It is therefore with much gratification that a new series of similar papers, from the same excellent and authentic source, has come into our possession. The stories which they narrate, to say the least of them, will be found not one whit inferior in point of interest to any of those which we have previously published. Without further preface, we proceed to open our budget, and begin with

##### MACGREGOR.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, the eldest son of Lamond, of Cowal (in Argyleshire), was hunting the red deer in Glenfin.\* It happened that at the same time the only son of Macgregor, of Glenstrae, the chief of that once powerful clan, was on a similar excursion in the same place, which was the boundary between the extensive territories of these two great families.

Young Lamond had pierced a prime hart with an arrow; and the noble animal, galled by the shaft, which stuck in the wound, plunged into the river, and bent his course into Macgregor's country. He was followed by Lamond, who outran all his companions. It unfortunately fell out, that a hart had been wounded by the young Macgregor at the same time, among his own hills. The two deer crossed each other in their flight, and the first that fell was claimed by both the hunters. The youths were flushed by the ardour of the chase, and they were totally unknown to each other. A hot dispute arose about the hart. The two young chiefs were armed, as was the fashion of those days: they fought—and the young Macgregor fell.

Lamond cut his way through the attendants, but was keenly pursued. Having a wonderful fleetness of foot, he made his way forward: ignorant of the country and of the people, and almost exhausted with thirst, hunger, anguish, and fatigue, he rushed into the house of Macgregor of Glenstrae, on whose mercy he threw himself, telling him that he had slain a man.

Macgregor received him, and had no sooner given him some refreshment, than the pursuers arrived, and told the unfortunate man the woful tale—how his son had fallen—his only child—the last of his ancient race—the hope of his life—the stay of his old age. The old man was at this period left surrounded by enemies crafty and powerful—he friendless and alone. The youth was possessed of every virtue that a

\* Glenfin is not far from Inverary.

father's heart could wish; his destroyer was now in his hands: but he had pledged his promise for his safety, and that sacred pledge must be redeemed.

It required all the power and influence of their chief to restrain the fury of his people from tearing young Lamond to pieces at the moment; and even that influence, great as it was, could only protect him then on an assurance, that on the next morning his life should be solemnly sacrificed for their beloved Gregor.

In the middle of the night, Macgregor led Lamond forth by the hand, and, well aware of his danger, himself accompanied the stranger to the shore of Lochfine, where he procured a boat—made Lamond enter it—and ordered the boatmen to convey him in safety across the loch into his own country. "I have now performed my promise," said the old man, "and henceforth I am your enemy—beware the revenge of a father for his only son!"

Before this deplorable event had occurred, the persecution against the unfortunate Macgregors had commenced, and this sad accident did not contribute to diminish that persecution. The old Laird of Glenstrae struggled hard to maintain his estate and his independence—but his enemies prevailed against him. The conduct of young Lamond was, however, noble indeed. When he succeeded to the ample possessions of his ancestors, he beseeched old Macgregor to take refuge under his roof: to that refuge the persecuted chief was obliged to have recourse. In the dwelling of Lamond he was treated as a father, and there the aged chief ended his days.

#### MASQUERADES.

FOR several seasons past our notice has been attracted to very profligate assemblies, got up, in various places of resort, under the name of *Masquerades*,—and particular circumstances having of late pointed our attention more directly to these flagitious scenes, we shall now and hereafter bestow upon them that consideration for which they loudly call, not only from the press, but from the magistracy and the laws of the country. We frequently read in the newspapers accounts of a parcel of individuals in humble life dragged forth in their little finery, and, after a night's imprisonment, punished by the police for enjoying themselves at a ball; and poor city apprentices and ladies' maids, of ambitious talent, dare not risk the hidden pleasures of a private play, without incurring the danger of incarceration, exposure, and penalty. But these *masquerades*, the most detached and infamous assemblies which all the vice of all London can produce, are winked at, if not sanctioned by the official preservers of our morals; and public journals, whose indignation would burst out against any offence of a hundredth part of the iniquity, are either silent, or lend themselves to the contemptible and filthy puffs which are so profusely lavished in order to delude the ignorant and unwary into these sinks of prostitution and rascality.

We observe that what is called the season for such orgies is about to commence; and we shall have our eye upon it. We are aware that we shall not prevent the usual bevy of harlots from attending, nor the usual concourse of low ruffians, swindlers, and pickpockets, from joining, there, their female associates. But we are persuaded that our warning may deter country visitors to the metropolis from mixing with such a depraved crew; and it is from the gullibility of this class that the nefarious profits of

such saturnalia are levied. We will also put it beyond the flattering unction of curiosity in any decent woman or man of character, to deceive a single individual into the persuasion that such pollution can be touched or witnessed without degradation and disgrace. Neither the poison of morals by shameless obscenity, nor the poison of the body by adulterated trash, in the shape of costly entertainments, shall be allowed to pass unexposed; nor shall the young and heedless portion of the community be enticed into these haunts of lewdness and corruption, by a system of impudent and villainous puffing, without being made aware, that if they fall into the snare, they must fall wilfully and viciously. At present we shall only add, that the worst masquerades a dozen of years ago were modest and virtuous amusements, in comparison with those which have since succeeded them.

#### MUSIC.

##### THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

THIS club, the object of which is to unite literary and poetical genius with native, original, and national music of the finest order, held its first meeting for the season by dining at the Freemasons' Tavern last Thursday. A new composition by Braham was sung with great applause; and Messrs. Cooke, Duruset, Pearman, and Watson, contributed their high talents to make the musical entertainment delightful.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lanza's Abridgment of the Elements of Singing.* In Two Parts. S. Chapell.

THIS work is, in our opinion, extremely well adapted for the purpose of teaching. From its well-constructed and gradually-ascending lessons the student may readily be brought, and by a road of the most pleasant kind, to the greatest proficiency in the management of the voice, and superiority in singing. The solfeggis and exercises are particularly deserving of praise, for the ability with which they are arranged; and the whole theory, together with the selection of simple accompaniments, in Italian and English, at the end of the Second Part, form a very complete canon of science.

*The Composer, or Contrapuntist; with Explanatory Notes.* By T. D. Worgman. I. and II. J. B. Cramer; Addison and Beale.

WITH some oddities in the form of notes, &c. the compositions which fill these ten pages are very pretty. Go to Joan Glover is sweetly done; and some of Mr. Worgman's own poetry is well joined with his harmonies. For simplicity, taste, and talent, we can justly recommend the composer and contrapuntist to our fair musical friends.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE Italian, we presume, commences this evening; as (Friday) we have a card for a full-dressed rehearsal this evening.

ON Thursday his Majesty visited Covent Garden theatre, where his presence was welcomed with the utmost demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm. Yesterday a play was commanded at Drury Lane.

THE DRAMATIC ART.—Louis Tieck, who is considered one of the best poets and critics of whom Germany can at present boast, having

contributed from time to time various critical articles on the drama to several of the German journals, they have lately been collected and published in a volume. He complains of the decay of the dramatic art in Germany, and of the depravation of the public taste; which he attributes to the love of sentimental pieces, to the prevalence of prejudiced and absurd criticism, and to the madness of managers, fascinated by young and pretty actresses, splendour of scenery, and magnificence of costumes. In 1817 Tieck was in London, where he says he found the dramatic art in the same condition. He especially notices the inconsistency of the various costumes in the English theatre, the stiffness of the actors, and the ridiculous effect frequently produced by their never allowing themselves to turn their backs on the audience. This last remark is surely not well founded.

#### VARIETIES.

*Worms.*—A decoction of the bark of the root of the pomegranate-tree has, it is stated, been found to be very efficacious in the cure of worms. The root of a young tree ought to be selected for the purpose.

*American Languages.*—The languages of those parts of North America which are to the northward and the eastward of Mexico, may be described as principally three; as the people who speak them may also be considered as three distinct races.—1st, the Karalit, spoken by the Esquimaux, is the language of Labrador, Greenland, the higher parts of Canada, and the other countries which approach the pole. It is also that of the stationary Tchouktchi, who reside, from the mouth of the Anadyr, along the coast north-wise to the peninsula of Tchouktchikoloss, or the promontory of the Tchouktchi; that is to say, in the part of Asia which is separated from America only by Bhering's Straits. They are considered the descendants of an American nation; while the wandering Tchouktchi, who live to the south of the Anadyr, pass for being descended from the Koriack-Tartars. The Karalit is again spoken at North-Sound; and it is suspected that there are other resemblances and relations between the natives of the north-west of America and some of the nations of the north-east of Asia; such as the Kamtschatdales, the Koriack-Lamoutz, the Samoiedes, &c.—2dly, The Iroquois, which is the language of the Iroquois, the Hurons, the Nodeouassi, the Siaux (six nations), the Algonkins, &c.—3dly, The Lenapi, or Lenni-Lenapi, which is the name of the inhabitants and the language of Delaware. It is the synonyme of the more modern appellation of Ousapanatchki, or Abenaki, generally adopted by the natives, of which the French in Louisiana have made Apalache, a name given to the mountains more frequently called by their old name of Allegany. The Lenapi is the language of the Mississippi, of the immense territory to the north-west of the United States, of a part of Canada, and even of the country which extends to Hudson's Bay.

*Northern Discoveries.*—The Russian American Company are fitting out an expedition to explore the western coasts of North America, towards the Frozen Sea, and to Hudson's Bay; for the purpose of adding to the discoveries which have been made by Captain Parry and Captain Franklin.

*Northern Expedition.*—Captain Parry has commissioned the Hecla to be fitted up for his new polar enterprise. Lieutenants Ross, Forster, and Crozier, and Purser Halse, are, it



is stated, appointed; and the papers add, that the first-mentioned gentleman is to command one of the sledge-boats, for the dragging of which over the ice, neither deer nor dogs, but Shetland ponies, are to be employed.

A Brussels journal lately stated, that by one article of the treaty between the English and the Barmese, the prisoners on both sides were to be hanged: the next day it apologised, saying that it was only a typographical error of *pendus* instead of *rendus*, restored.

**Inventions.**—One invention begets another. To prevent peoples' eyes being knocked out by the splinters of stones now so generally breaking in our streets (to Macadamise them), an ingenious gentleman has contrived a *wire fence* for that delicate organ.

**Phrenology.**—Spurheim, the phrenological illustrator, is about to give a course of lectures on that profound science at Cambridge.

**Winkel.**—This celebrated Dutch mechanic died at Amsterdam on the 28th of September. He was especially distinguished by his musical machines. One of the principal of them was the Componium, or Musical Improvisator; a very extraordinary production. The Metronome was also invented by Winkel, although it has certainly been considerably improved by Maelzel.

**Earthquake.**—On the 18th of July two severe shocks of earthquake were experienced in Cuba: they were accompanied by fearful noises, like the rumbling of heavy waggons, and the discharge of batteries. It does not appear that much injury was done. The phenomenon was also slightly felt in Jamaica.

#### ASPAZIA.

ASPASTA's talents are too rare

To be confined to any elf;

A pine-apple I'd rather share

Than have a turnip to myself.

#### FAST AND HARD.

FAST pours the rain, and bitter blows the blast,  
Fasten the door, and make the shutters fast.  
No, it subsides—so ye may spare your pains,  
It rain'd so hard, that now it hardly rains.

#### SYMPATHY.

My lord and lady live in quarrels:  
Yet spare his fame before his spouse;  
She trembles if he strip his laurels;  
'Twould cause the exposure of his brows.

#### FORBEARANCE.

Blockheads and wits, be this your rule,  
Abstain from sharp replies:  
Silence is wisdom in the fool,  
And mercy in the wise.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Golden Violet, by L. E. L., may, we believe, be looked for by about the 15th of this month. The volume consists of legends, songs, and tales, sung by the minstrels of many countries, — England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Germany, Morocco, &c. &c. for the Provencal prize of the *Golden Violet*, which imports great diversity to the principal poem. Erinna, and a few miscellaneous productions, complete it; and from the first of these, Erinna, much is expected.

The Busy Bodies, a novel in 3 vols., by the authors of the Odd Volume, will appear in January.

Another Odd Volume, by the authors of the Odd Volume, is in the press.

A Third Edition of the Odd Volume will appear in the course of the present month.

Canada.—A little pamphlet of much interest has lately been published at Montreal, professing to be the Analysis of a conversation between a Canadian and an Englishman, with respect to the preservation of the establishments, laws, usages, &c. of the inhabitants of Lower Canada; and which the Canadian contends ought to be held as sacred as their houses and their property.

The publisher of Capt. Batty's Views on the Rhine, Hanover, &c., has, in a state of great forwardness, a Series of Views in England and Wales, engraving in line, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.

A second edition of Mr. Johnson's Sketches of Indian Field Sports, with a Description of Hunting the Wild Boar, as followed by European and Native Indians, will speedily appear.

Numerical.—A Catalogue has just been published at Turin of a very valuable and interesting private Cabinet of Medals in that city, 4631 in number: of which 144 are gold, 1671 silver, and the rest bronze and brass.

The Chronicles of London Bridge, which have been long in preparation, are announced for early publication; to contain a complete history of that ancient Edifice. The illustrations are to consist of fifty-five engravings on wood, by the first artists.

In the press, a Sequel to the Diversions of Purley; containing an Essay on English Verbs, with Remarks on Mr. Tooke's Work, and on some Terms employed to denote Soul or Spirit. By John Barclay.

Soon after Christmas will be published the Epicurean, a Tale. By Thomas Brown, the Younger.

A life of the late eccentric artist, Nollekens the Sculptor, is in the press, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Smith, the Antiquarian at the British Museum.

The publication of an Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with Notes and Comments, by the Editor of the Cabinet Lawyer, will soon commence in monthly parts.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Maddy's (Rev. W.) Plane Astronomy, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. Scholefield's Porson's Euclides, royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—a Tale of a Voyager, 3 vols. pt. 8vo. 11. 8s. 6d. bds.—Ottulinski, a Tale of Dutch Guiana, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Darley's Popular Geometry, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—World in Miniature: England, Scotland, and Ireland, 4 vols. 83 coloured Engravings, 18mo. 11. 12s. bds.—Sturm on the Sufferings of Christ, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Petersdorf's Reports, vol. 5th, royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Triumphs of Genius, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Almacks, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Rosaline Woodbridge, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 8s. bds.—Barclay's Sequel to the Diversions of Purley, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Cowley's Works, crown 8vo. 7s. bds.—Kit Marlow's Works, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 11. 7s. bds.—Robson's Cities, No. 1, med. 4to. 11. 1s.; imp. 4to. 2s.; imp. 4to. proofs, 4s. 4s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 23	From 40. to 49.	30.00 to 29.77
Friday . . . 24	— 46. — 33.	29.43 — 29.30
Saturday . . . 25	— 28. — 41.	30.07 — 29.69
Sunday . . . 26	— 19. — 36.	29.17 — 29.00
Monday . . . 27	— 37. — 34.	30.50 — 29.66
Tuesday . . . 28	— 49. — 42.	29.70 — 29.49
Wednesday 29	— 49. — 42.	29.30 — 29.29

Prevailing wind S.W. Generally clear till the 28th; since, cloudy with frequent showers of rain; a little snow on the evening of the 30th.

Rain fallen, .478 of an inch.

Edinburgh.

Latitude . . . 55° 37' 39" N.

Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

A highly respectable wine merchant of the name of Charles Wright, and a highly respectable attorney of the name of Harnett, obtained a verdict of fifty pounds against the *Literary Gazette*, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday, for having in one of the gossiping letters from Paris, with which it occasionally diversifies its graver scientific and literary topics, said that Charles Wright's Champagne was "justly so called, because he makes it all himself, without the aid of the grower in France;" and at a subsequent date, (in consequence of having heard a report that Wright threatened to prosecute the *Gazette*, and get 2000. damages—which we really laughed at as an idle jest), for having added, by way of explanation, that our former libel merely meant that the wine "was so good, that it must be (as he advertises) his own, and not nasty French stuff." The report of the trial in the newspapers states the Chief Justice to have directed, "Had not the libel been repeated a second time, he thought the smallest damages would have been sufficient; but as the defendants had chosen, after a representation from Mr. Wright, to persist in setting themselves up against the law, it would, perhaps, be right to make them larger than they otherwise would have been." The jury accordingly gave fifty pounds. Upon this point, as every one must wish to stand fairly with the public, we beg leave to state, that no representation whatever was ever made to us; we heard the report alluded to in a public library, where it was mentioned as a piece of arrant folly; and our second libel, like our first, was a piece of (we will allow) indifferent pleasantry, and no more a setting up of ourselves against the law than against the gospel. In short, we considered the prosecution altogether as so contemptible, that we were not even in court to correct the mistake which has given Mr. Wright fifty pounds instead of "the smallest damages."

But what grieves us most, is that the *Literary Gazette*, which has reviewed *Hesperus* on *Wines*, and many works of gastronomy with great *ecclat*, should have its judgment impeached in such subjects. In a matter of taste, that a learned Judge and an impartial Jury should hold us to be wrong in our opinion that certain wines which we drank were execrable stuff, is hard to be borne. But having paid fifty pounds for not having read Champagne from sham Champagne, or twenty-five pounds each for two bad jokes, we are determined to amend our ignorance in the first

respect, and in the second to joke no more with the delicate character of tradesmen. Perhaps some highly respectable wine merchants would have laughed over a bottle of their best at such libels: But beware of the Colonnade! Dismissing Mr. Charles Wright for ever, we shall make some amendments to our readers for this encroachment upon them, by furnishing in future *Gazettes* some curious and entertaining discoveries which we have made relative to the manufacture of wines in France and in England. We promise them sundry amusing columns for this dull one.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged by the letter signed C. H. D. X. Coming from so high an authority on finance subjects, we need not say that it shall meet with every attention. Madeline, if possible, soon; but we would rather look to the work itself when published.

We assure Mr. Jones, that to enter into the disputes of artists, is about the last thing we should like to undertake; and therefore Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. W. E. West must settle their quarrel without our interference. It was said to be unwise to interpose between man and wife; and we know enough of painters, engravers, &c. &c. to believe that it would be still more foolish to interpose among such irritable and combustible personages.

Our notice of Mr. Worgman's two little pieces of music was printed before we received his foolish letter; of course it does not alter our purpose to speak for his performance; but in addition to that public task, if he will send to our office he will find the price of his work, four shillings, left for him.

ERRATUM.—In p. 745, col. 1. line 41, of our last, for "we know which," read "we know not which."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY** continues open with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the British Institution to exhibit. Admittance from Ten till Five o'clock, 1s.

Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

Notice to Exhibitors.

**ALL** Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale at this Place, must be sent to the Gallery on Monday the 10th, and Tuesday the 11th of January, 1827, between the Hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art will be received. Portraits, and Drawings in Water Colours, are inadmissible.

The present Exhibition of His Majesty's private Collection will close on Saturday, the 30th of December next. Admittance, from Ten till Five, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Right Hon. William Huskisson M.P. &c. &c.

**THE INSPECTOR LITERARY MAGAZINE** and REVIEW for December, contains:—Biographical Sketch of the Right Honourable William Huskisson—Poetry, by C. G.—The Will-Dance, an Hungarian Legend—Narrative of the Birth-day—Bards and Lodgings—Stanzas, by Zorach—Poetry, Painting, and Music—Contributions by distinguished Contemporaries, No. 1. W. W.—The Literary Critic and the Currency—Monthly—West India—Contemporary and Compulsory Massimisation—Zoe—Diary of an M.P. for November 1826.—Items of Poetry; Nonthey—The Portfolio, containing the Maiden's Lament, from Schiller's Letter from Sappho to Demetrius—Hannan est errare? Facile, &c.—Review of the O'Hara Tales, Second Series—Whims and Oddities, &c. &c.—Gleanings and Gravities of the Month, Fugate, &c.

Published by Editham Wilson, Royal Exchange, to whom communications for the Editor should be addressed, free of postage; and sold by all Booksellers. Price 1s. 6d.

#### THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For December, contains, among other interesting Papers:—1. Anecdotal Recollections.—2. Drafts on Laffitte, No. 1.—3. A Visit to the Summit of Mount Blanc, by Capt. Markham Herby, No. 1.—4. London Improvements.—5. Fervina, No. 2.—6. On the Dignity of Eating.—7. A Canadian Campaign, by a British Officer, No. 1.—8. Letter from an Irish Protestant in Dublin.—9. Sketches of Fanciful Society, Politics, and Literature, with original Anecdotes of Talents.—10. Adventures of an Italian Brigand, No. 2.—11. The Brotherhood of Mercy.—12. The Killer's Feast, by Mrs. Hemans.—13. London Lyrics: the Birth of Posh.—14. Hyman's Ball.—15. Tanshish.—16. Ballads, No. 2.—The King and the Lady, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

#### THE LONDON MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL JOURNAL, edited by Dr. MACLEOD.

(New Series, No. VI. for December,) contains an Account of the various Modes of Treating Distortions at present employed in Paris, by John Shaw, Esq. Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, illustrated by an Engraving and several Woodcuts.—Observations on the Deficiency of Union in the Neck of the Thighbone, by Herbert Mayo, Esq. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. Great Windmill Path.—Observations on the Detection of Arsenic and Corrosive Sublimates, by Dr. Venables. Observations on the Pathology and Treatment of Diseases of the Testicle, by B. C. Brodie, Esq. Series of Cases of Injury of the Throat, with Clinical Remarks, by C. Bell, Esq. Cases of Fever, with Observations, by C. Hewitt, M.D. Physician to St. George's Hospital. Cases of Amenorrhoea cured by Ammoniated Tincture of Quinine, by George Keast, Esq. Surgeon to the Middlesex Infirmary. Case of Severe Tic Douloureux cured by Carbamate of Iron, by B. Hutchinson, Esq. of Southwell. Critical Analysis of several recent publications.—Numerous Articles of Original Science and Intelligence.—Copy of a Letter from the Editor to Sir Henry Hallifax, Bart. &c. &c. Published by John Sower, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh; and to be had of all Booksellers. Price 2s. 6d.

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## THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, No. 2.

published 1st December, contains—1. A Biographical Memoir  
 of the Right Hon. Robert Peel—2. The Literature of England  
 from the Time of the present Century to the Present—3. The  
 World—4. The Cross of the South—5. The Office of Lord  
 Chancellor: its Origin and Ancient Duties—10. English  
 Words and Foreign Criticisms—11. The Domestic Intelligence,  
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## THE MONTHLY AND EUROPEAN MAGAZINE for December, No. XII. New Series,

contains, besides the Title, Index, &c. for Vol. II. the following  
 1. Ireland in 1806—2. Village Sketches, No. VI.: a New Married  
 Couple, by Miss Milford—3. Life Insurance: the Dueling  
 and Suicide Clubs—4. The Army and Navy—5. The Navigation  
 Laws—6. A Voice from the Departed—7. King's and  
 Company's Troops in India—8. The Seven Ages—9. British  
 Travellers in America—10. The Queen of Prussia's Tomb, by  
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 and Literary Intelligence—The School of the Future—  
 Ecclesiastical Preformations—Political, Medical, Agricultural,  
 Commercial, and Meteorological Reports—Bankruptcies—  
 Deaths, at Home and Abroad—Provincial Occurrences,  
 &c. &c.  
 Published by G. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria Lane; Oliver  
 and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Graham, Dublin.

As when we are in the  
 la Belle Assemblée for December, which  
 contains a Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Rowley, engraved  
 by Thomson, from a Painting by Pickenhill, R.A. This being  
 the Twenty-fourth of a Series of Portraits of the British Female  
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 Proof Impressions of the Portraits, on India paper, are  
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## LONDON MAGAZINE, New Series,

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 Books, or Joint Stock Literature—VI. Pere in Chaise—  
 VII. Mr. Hood's Whims—VIII. War in America—IX. Dr.  
 Southwell's Lectures on Comparative and Human Physiology—  
 X. Adventures of a Foreigner in Greece, No. 5—XI. Diary for  
 the Month of November—XII. Episodes of the Don Quixote, No. 1.  
 XIII. The Unconquered Britain: a Dramatic Sketch—XIV. Mag-  
 nificence, &c. Prices of Sharn, &c. Literary Intelligence,  
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 Palestine—2. O'Keefe's Recollections—3. State of the Drama in  
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 Antiquities—6. The Literary Souvenir—7. Howells's  
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